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CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

summer 87

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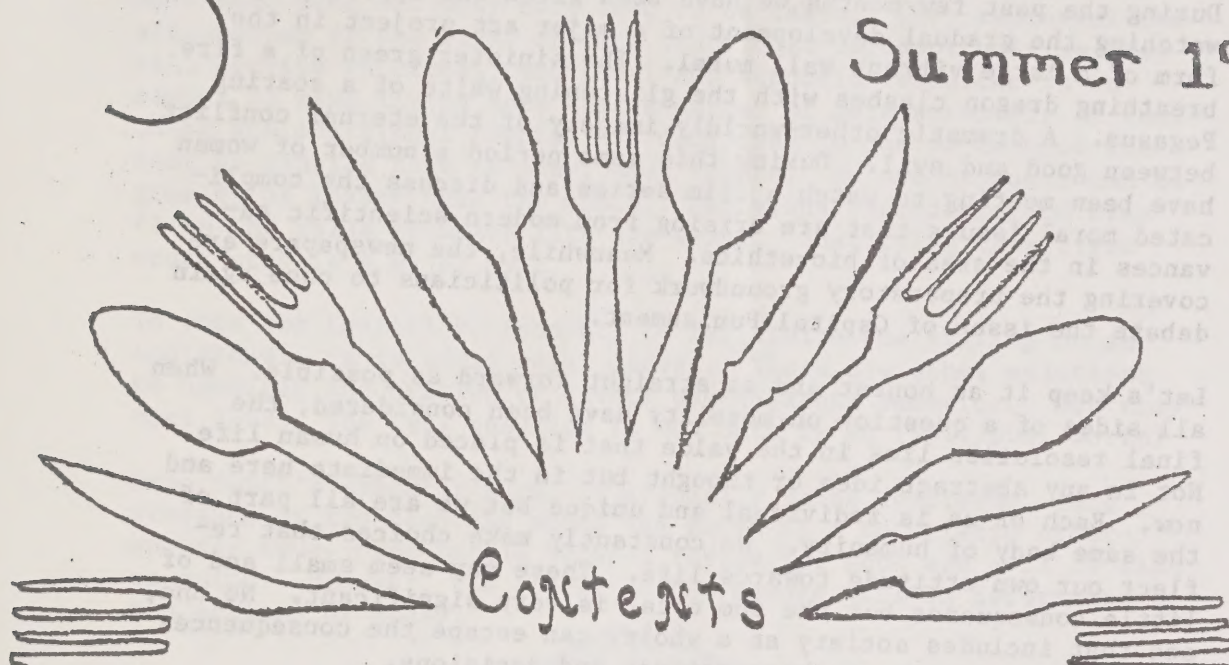


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Summer 1987



Editorial

Prison Justice Day - Bill C 28

Native Reflections

Sexual Abuse

Visiting

Story: Getting Short

Poetry Throughout

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Thanks to ADP for helpful assistance

EDITORIAL

During the past few months we have been given the opportunity of watching the gradual development of a major art project in the form of a large vibrant wall mural. The sinister green of a fire breathing dragon clashes with the glistening white of a soaring Pegasus. A dramatic other-worldly imagery of the eternal conflict between good and evil. During this same period a number of women have been meeting to watch a film series and discuss the complicated moral issues that are arising from modern scientific advances in the area of bio-ethics. Meanwhile, the newspapers are covering the preparatory groundwork for politicians to once again debate the issue of Capital Punishment.

Let's keep it as honest and as straight forward as possible. When all sides of a question on morality have been considered, the final resolution lies in the value that is placed on human life. Not in any abstract idea or thought but in the immediate here and now. Each of us is individual and unique but we are all part of the same body of humanity. We constantly make choices that reflect our own attitude towards life. These may seem small and of little consequence but the sum total is very significant. No one, and that includes society as a whole, can escape the consequences of the accumulation of these actions and decisions.

Daily living expresses an affirmation of the joy of life or treats the experience with contempt and scorn. Again it is an individual decision. There is no gray area. To the person that celebrates life, all life is sacred. No exceptions.

This is not an original idea nor is it new. To Canadians who have had the opportunity of acquainting themselves with the spiritual values of our Native People it will sound very familiar indeed. In the narrow-minded flush of technological progress these fundamental values that could enrich all of us have been most ignorantly devalued. Frequently, because they were not compatible with commercial interests.

This is not an "historical note". The government is still empowered by the same sort of economic forces that treated with our natives with nothing but \$\$\$\$ and "progress" in mind. This same elitist government has failed to evolve a policy of social equality for any social class that does not neatly fit into their accountants mentality of \$\$\$profit.

There are very possible, positive practical solutions to helping people deal with life problems and situations that create "crime". A term most frequently applied to any property infringement on the "rights" of the rich. These are called SOCIAL PROGRAMS. We are told that they cost too much. Too much to whom? Not to the elite class that directs economic development with a clear visionary zeal towards-\$\$\$profit and progress.

It sounds to me as if an historical attitude is being repeated. Time after time after time. Poverty, unequal job training and employment opportunities, drug and alcohol addiction are problems that can be addressed with significant success. Some small steps have been made but many more need to be taken. They represent the affirmation of the right of each individual to opportunities that will provide spiritual, emotional AND economic resources in an amount to make living more than a matter of mere survival. I feel these are individual rights. To deny them to one is to open the door to denying them to many, many others. No man or woman can be greater or lesser than the whole. Decisions that disregard Step #1 in the value of human life are wrong. Justifying this first wrong step is a major evil.

To vote for Capital Punishment, to legitimize the killing of an individual, is to admit moral defeat. There are other solutions to handling the problem of severe psychopathic behavior. But they cost \$\$\$\$\$. The real question is How much is an INDIVIDUAL worth?

Fran Smith's dramatic mural is gradually being completed. The presence of two floating moons has given it a futuristic other-worldly tone. The battle between forces for good and evil is also on-going. However, the course of the future will be determined by the actions of today.

JoAnn Mayhew
Editor



WHAT DOES IT STAND FOR - WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

In every culture all over the world there is a time set aside to honour those who have died - whether they are family members or war veterans.

In Canada, most Churches have a Decoration Sunday - a special day designated for the remembrance of deceased loved ones. A day on which flowers are placed on each grave to bring beauty to those who have gone and to show the world that we still care.

We, also, have November 11, Remembrance Day - to honour all those members of the Armed Forces who lost their lives fighting to maintain our liberty. Many of us wear a blood red poppy on this day as a symbol of the blood shed by these heroic men and women.

Prison Justice Day, August 10, is the day which has been set aside by prisoners all over Canada and parts of the United States to honour and remember those brothers and sisters who have died in the penal system.

This day was originally meant to be a day of mourning - when all prisoners sat quietly in their cells and reflected on the society that allows people to die in such horrendous conditions.

This was to be a day of fasting, a day of cleansing, a day on which decisions were made about somehow, somehow making life inside the walls a little better so that no more need die.

A day of respect for those who could no longer cope with the terrors of prison and so had taken their own lives.

A day on which even the staff realized that we, too, are human and that we mourn our dead in the same manner as any other society.

To further emphasize this day a T-Shirt logo was designed showing the chains being broken by JUSTICE.

Justice is not brought about by rioting and further destruction. Justice can only be won by forcing society as a whole to realize that life within the walls of the penal institutions in the world is not life at all but merely a day to day survival while we wait hoping that we can survive long enough to take up our lives upon release.

As August 10th approaches this year it has been purposed that we attend our work placements but that **the day's earnings** be donated to a fund to retain a Lawyer who is willing and capable of fighting for the Justice we all so desperately want.

When you are asked to sign the bulk list to donate your day's earnings for this cause please remember why we are doing this. Remember in your hearts that many have died needlessly because there was so-little public awareness and no one to fight for that awareness.

IN PRISON

It requires courage to be you. It requires courage to stand nonviolently against the wrongs done you and other prisoners. But IF there is to be a fairer prison system, this creative act can be an epitaph to those who have already perished.

Prison Justice Day - Monday August 10, 1987

Thousands of men and women have died in prisons or from the effects of imprisonment. Segregation or solitary confinement is reserved punishment for many who are termed "discipline problems"...someone who will not follow the governing rules and regulations. In some circumstances, these may be unfair, unjust, unreasonable, brutal, desensitizing, degrading, inhumane and cruel. Those who "rebel" against these rules by identifying their desire to help create a more equitable set of rules or a more egalitarian structure are singled out as trouble makers.

I wonder how many prisoners in segregation and in special handling units are dangerous to the public or are many really only dangerous to the continuity of an archaic and autocratic prison system in Canada? Perhaps, this spirit which prompts some prisoners to say, "NO", could be nurtured to benefit humankind, as their unwillingness (some may say stubbornness) to conform is in other lights considered creative genius.

There is a line, however, ... an invisible barrier... that when crossed... twists and deforms that very creativity into a hateful and destructive force.

How many cruelties can one human endure at the hands of a system that represents his or her own society before that human becomes desensitized to that same society? I pray Bill C-28 is enforced immediately so we need not add to the numbers already produced. I urge all prisoners in Canada who have suffered in segregation or S.H.U.'s, undergone physical or mental torture to write of those experiences and forward to:

The Canadian Campaign for Prison System Improvement
c/o The Department of Mathematics
University of Toronto
Toronto, Ontario M5S 1A1

or to:

The Honourable Svend Robinson, M.P. Burnaby
Room 386 - Confederation Bldg.
Ottawa, Ontario K1A 0A6
(813) 996-5597 or (604) 434-4022

Gayle K. Horii
Chairperson, Inmate Committee
Prison for Women, Kingston, Ontario

torture

C-28

C-28

Second Session, Thirty-third Parliament,
35-36 Elizabeth II, 1986-87

Deuxième session, trente-troisième législature,
35-36 Elizabeth II, 1986-87

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS OF CANADA

CHAMBRE DES COMMUNES DU CANADA

BILL C-28

PROJET DE LOI C-28

An Act to amend the Criminal Code (torture)

Loi modifiant le Code criminel (torture)

AS PASSED BY THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ADOPTÉ PAR LA CHAMBRE DES COMMUNES
MARCH 27, 1987 LE 27 MARS 1987

"TO LIVE WITH SENSITIVITY IN THIS AGE REQUIRES CREATIVITY
FRIGHTENED BY THE LOSS OF OUR FAMILIAR MOORING PLACES, SHALL
WE BECOME PARALYZED AND COVER OUR INACTION WITH APATHY?

IF WE DO THOSE THINGS, WE WILL HAVE SURRENDERED OUR CHANCE TO
PARTICIPATE IN THE FORMING OF THE FUTURE.

WE WILL HAVE FORFEITED THE DISTINCTIVE CHARACTERISTIC OF
HUMAN BEINGS - NAMELY, TO INFLUENCE OUR EVOLUTION THROUGH OUR
OWN AWARENESS. WE WILL HAVE CAPITULATED TO THE BLIND
JUGGERNAUT OF HISTORY AND LOST THE CHANCE TO MOLD THE
FUTURE INTO A SOCIETY MORE EQUITABLE AND HUMANE."

DR. ROLLO MAY

THE COURAGE TO CREATE

adding thereto, immediately after section 245.3 thereof, the following section:

après l'article 245.3, de ce qui suit :

Torture

"245.4 (1) Every official, or every person acting at the instigation of or with the consent or acquiescence of an official, 15 who inflicts torture on any other person is guilty of an indictable offence and is liable to imprisonment for a term not exceeding fourteen years.

"245.4 (1) Est coupable d'un acte criminel et passible d'un emprisonnement maximal de quatorze ans le fonctionnaire — ou 15 la personne qui, avec le consentement exprès ou tacite d'un fonctionnaire ou à sa demande — torture une autre personne.

Torture

Definitions

"official"
«fonctionnaire»

(2) For the purposes of this section, 20
"official" means

(2) Les définitions qui suivent s'appliquent au présent article. 20

Définitions

- (a) a peace officer,
- (b) a public officer,
- (c) a member of the Canadian Forces, or
- (d) any person who may exercise powers, pursuant to a law in force in a foreign state, that would in Canada be exercised by a person referred to in paragraph (a), (b), or (c), 30

«fonctionnaire» L'une des personnes suivantes, qu'elle exerce ses pouvoirs au Canada ou à l'extérieur du Canada :

«fonctionnaire»
«officier»

- a) un agent de la paix;
- b) un fonctionnaire public; 25
- c) un membre des forces canadiennes;
- d) une personne que la loi d'un État étranger investit de pouvoirs qui, au Canada, seraient ceux d'une personne mentionnée à l'un des alinéas a), b) 30 ou c).

"torture"
«torture»

whether the person exercises powers in Canada or outside Canada;
"torture" means any act or omission by which severe pain or suffering, whether physical or mental, is intentionally 35 inflicted on a person

«torture» Acte, commis par action ou omission, par lequel une douleur ou des souffrances aiguës, physiques ou mentales, sont intentionnellement infligées à une 35 personne :

«torture»
"torture"

- (a) for a purpose including
 - (i) obtaining from the person or from a third person information or a statement, 40
 - (ii) punishing the person for an act which that person or a third person has committed or is suspected of having committed, and
 - (iii) intimidating or coercing the 45 person or a third person, or
- (b) for any reason based on discrimination of any kind,

- a) soit afin notamment :
 - (i) d'obtenir d'elle ou d'une tierce personne des renseignements ou une déclaration, 40
 - (ii) de la punir d'un acte qu'elle ou une tierce personne a commis ou est soupçonnée d'avoir commis,
 - (iii) de l'intimider ou de faire pression sur elle ou d'intimider une 45 tierce personne ou de faire pression sur celle-ci;

but does not include any act or omission arising only from, inherent in or incidental to lawful sanctions.

b) soit pour tout autre motif fondé sur quelque forme de discrimination que ce soit.

La torture ne s'entend toutefois pas d'actes qui résultent uniquement de 5 sanctions légitimes, qui sont inhérents à celles-ci ou occasionnés par elles.

No defence

(3) It is no defence to a charge under this section that the accused was ordered by a superior or a public authority to perform the act or omission that forms the subject-matter of the charge, nor that the act or omission is alleged to have been justified by exceptional circumstances, 10 including a state of war, a threat of war, internal political instability or any other public emergency.

(3) Ne constituent pas un moyen de défense contre une accusation fondée sur le présent article ni le fait que l'accusé a 10 obéi aux ordres d'un supérieur ou d'une autorité publique en commettant les actes qui lui sont reprochés ni le fait que ces actes auraient été justifiés par des circonstances exceptionnelles, notamment un état 15 de guerre, une menace de guerre, l'instabilité politique intérieure ou toute autre situation d'urgence.

Inadmissible
as certain
means of
defence

Evidence

(4) In any proceedings over which Parliament has jurisdiction, any statement 15 obtained as a result of the commission of an offence under this section is inadmissible in evidence except as evidence that the statement was so obtained."

(4) Dans toute procédure qui relève de la compétence du Parlement, une déclaration 20 obtenue par la perpétration d'une infraction au présent article est inadmissible en preuve, sauf à titre de preuve de cette infraction.

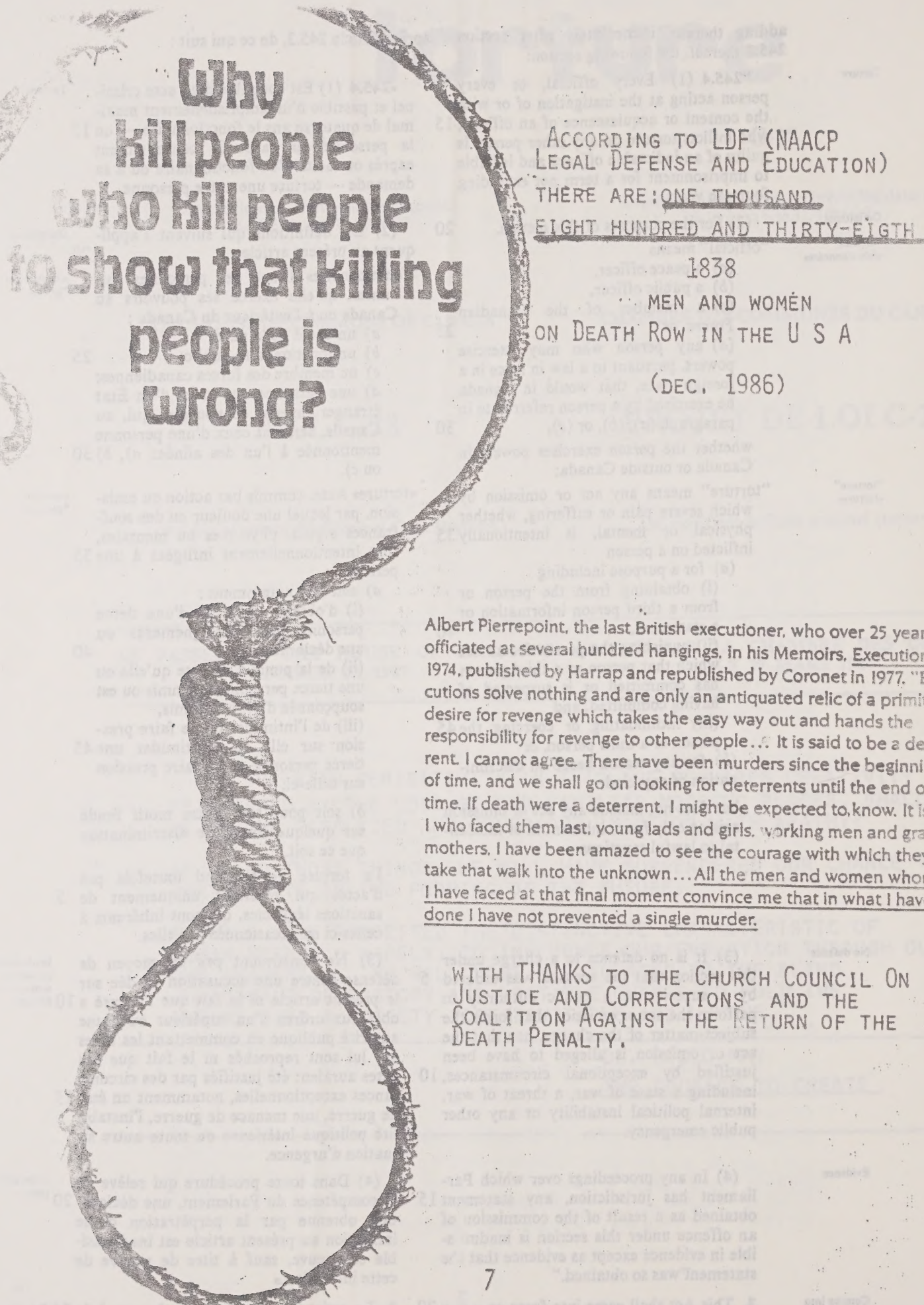
Inadmissible
as evidence
of this
infraction

Coming into
force

3. This Act shall come into force on a day 20 to be fixed by proclamation.

3. La présente loi entre en vigueur à la 25 date fixée par proclamation.

Entrée en
vigueur



Why kill people who kill people to show that killing people is wrong?

ACCORDING TO LDF (NAACP
LEGAL DEFENSE AND EDUCATION)

THERE ARE: ONE THOUSAND
EIGHT HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT

1838

MEN AND WOMEN
ON DEATH ROW IN THE U S A

(DEC. 1986)

Albert Pierrepoint, the last British executioner, who over 25 years officiated at several hundred hangings, in his Memoirs, Executioner, 1974, published by Harrap and republished by Coronet in 1977, "Executions solve nothing and are only an antiquated relic of a primitive desire for revenge which takes the easy way out and hands the responsibility for revenge to other people... It is said to be a deterrent. I cannot agree. There have been murders since the beginning of time, and we shall go on looking for deterrents until the end of time. If death were a deterrent, I might be expected to know. It is I who faced them last, young lads and girls, working men and grand mothers, I have been amazed to see the courage with which they take that walk into the unknown... All the men and women whom I have faced at that final moment convince me that in what I have done I have not prevented a single murder.

WITH THANKS TO THE CHURCH COUNCIL ON
JUSTICE AND CORRECTIONS AND THE
COALITION AGAINST THE RETURN OF THE
DEATH PENALTY.

ON TUESDAY, APRIL 28, 1987, OPENING SPEECHES
ADDRESSING THE RESTORATION OF THE DEATH PENALTY
WERE MADE TO 200 EMPTY SEATS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

View to a kill

BY JEFFREY SIMPSON

OTTAWA
Albert Camus, of course, had it right. If capital punishment truly deters, the lethal injections or hangings or decapitations should be held in the largest football stadiums or, better still, shown on nation-wide television so that everyone can play Madame Lafarge.

Not that the sounds of heads thumping into baskets deterred her from knitting. Nor, one suspects, would the grisly televised scenes of state killing deter terrorists or murderers today.

So why do we not hear, from those clamoring for the return of capital punishment, suggestions for devoting periodic programs of The Nation's Business to injections or hangings? Probably because this would require the logical extension of an argument that has no logic — namely, that the death penalty deters.

Still, we are all into the national debate again. The Mulroney government, pandering to the popular clamor, promised a free vote on the death penalty in the last election campaign. Yesterday it began making good on that ill-fated promise, and guaranteed, unless the predictions are awry, a protracted, painful, divisive, debilitating and ultimately futile debate.

That the debate is futile requires an understanding beyond tomorrow's headlines. This House of Commons represents an electoral fluke: a lopsided Conservative majority not to be repeated in the next Parliament. No one can predict the outcome of the next election, but it's safe to assume the balance of political forces will be much closer to equal than in the existing House of Commons.

If the death penalty is restored, we may be reasonably certain that the abolitionists will return to the charge in the next Parliament. We shall then see a replay of the drama which began yesterday with fine speeches by Liberal Leader John Turner and New Democratic Leader Ed Broadbent, a

drama featuring the same lines, if not the same actors, as the 1976 parliamentary debate which wiped the death penalty from the legislative books.

Nothing of empirical significance has changed since 1976, except that the murder rate has declined. True, 35 U.S. states have seized on a Supreme Court ruling and reinstated the death penalty, a move that places them in the uncomfortable company of Iran, China, the Soviet Union, South Africa, Saudi Arabia and an assortment of dictatorships and other regimes built upon state thuggery.

What has changed is the composition of the House of Commons, and therefore the political force of the Tory restorationists whose influence Mr. Mulroney feels he must acknowledge in largely symbolic gestures such as this debate on capital punishment. Indeed, it would not be surprising if Mr. Mulroney, an abolitionist, privately hoped the Senate would drag out the whole debate so that nothing could happen before the next election.

Even if the Senate does agree to the restoration of capital punishment before the election, the Mulroney Cabinet will commute sentence. So no one will die before the next election, after which, as is distinctly probable, the House will be asked by abolitionists to undo the decision of this Parliament.

Parliament, then, is about to waste countless hours arriving at a conclusion whose impact will be purely symbolic, and whose utility will be apparent only to those MPs who include pro-capital-punishment speeches in the next householder mailing.

The government, in allowing this mess to unfold, deserves whatever opprobrium is heaped on its head by those outraged by its tactics. If the House is tied up for weeks or months by this debate on capital punishment — if, as a consequence, other matters of greater consequence are delayed — the government will have only itself to blame.

TORONTO
THE GLOBE & MAIL
APRIL 28, 1987

A PRISONER'S PRAYER

March 20, 1987



God,

some try to hurt me
some try to turn me hostile,
some get pleasure from my pain,
some get pleasure from my incarceration,
some are lost Lord
some are not human.

Lord God, please have mercy on these people, the keeper
of the keys, who holds me hostage in this place of cruel
and unusual punishment.

And they tell me this is Canada, have mercy on them Lord
for their day of judgement is near,

"You reap what you sow,"

"And Jesus was a prisoner,"

"Revenge is mine saith the Lord"

Help me be strong, Lord and please don't let them change
me into what they are - tools that do the devil's work,
Some frustrate the prisoner and laugh at their tears of
pain.

I pray for these people who hold me captive for some are
lost to your love forever,

Some are evil spawns of Satan, Lord God, have mercy on them
and Forgive them for they know not what they do.

By: Annie R.

The religious imagery and emotional content of this poem
are those of the author. Her explicit statement is that
this work was generated by specific circumstances in the
past and is not meant as a condemnation of any person of
sincere good will.

J.M. Editor

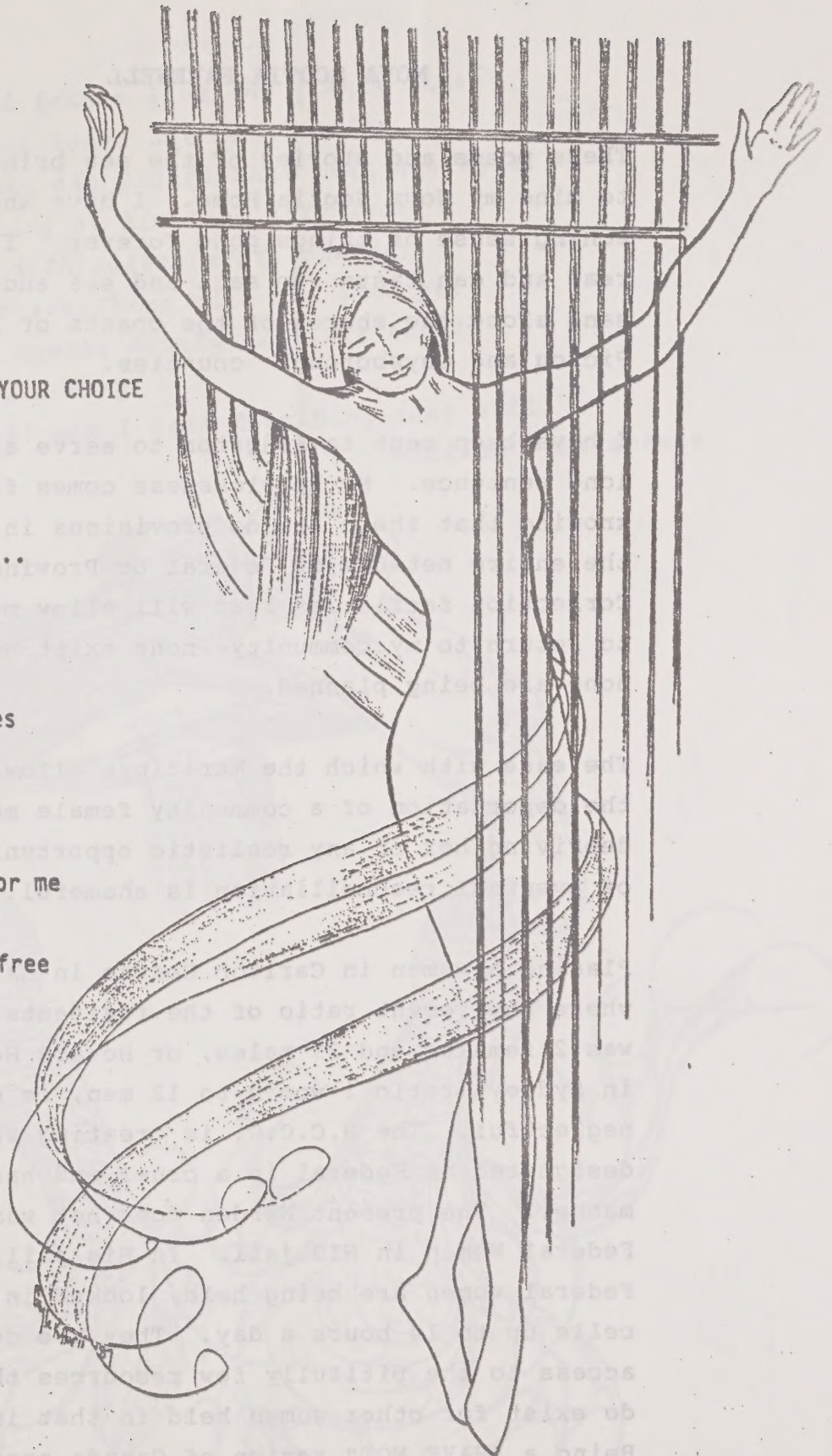
YOUR CHOICE

Walls around your feelings
And stone around your heart
We live in self-made prisons..
So very far apart.

We sleep in separate cages
And we walk in each our roles
You suffer in your rages,
Eat hate in cereal bowls,

When the reaper kisses you or me
In our solitude of pain,
The we'll know we're truly free
Of tasting Hell again.

Clarxie
1987



NOVA SCOTIA FAREWELL

These poems and stories of the sea bring to mind my Nova Scotia Home. I have an aching sense of things gone forever. I read and can taste the salt and sea and sand along the shores of the coasts of Antigonish, Pictou and Guysborough counties.

I have been sent to Kingston to serve a long sentence. My hopelessness comes from knowing that there are no provisions in the entire network of Federal or Provincial Correction facilities that will allow me to return to my community--none exist now, none are being planned.

The ease with which the Maritimes allows the deportation of a community female member, depriving her of any realistic opportunity of eventual reconciliation is shameful.

Placing a women in Carlton Centre in Halifax where the recent ratio of the residents was 2 females and 39 males, or Howard House in Sydney, ratio 1 woman to 12 men, is grossly neglectful. The H.C.C.C. is treating women designated as Federal in a cruel and harsh manner. The present Warden does not want Federal Women in HIS jail. In His jail, Federal women are being held, locked in cells up to 14 hours a day. They are denied access to the pitifully few resources that do exist for other women held in that institute. Being a "HAVE NOT" region of Canada appears to include not having basic COMMON DECENCY.

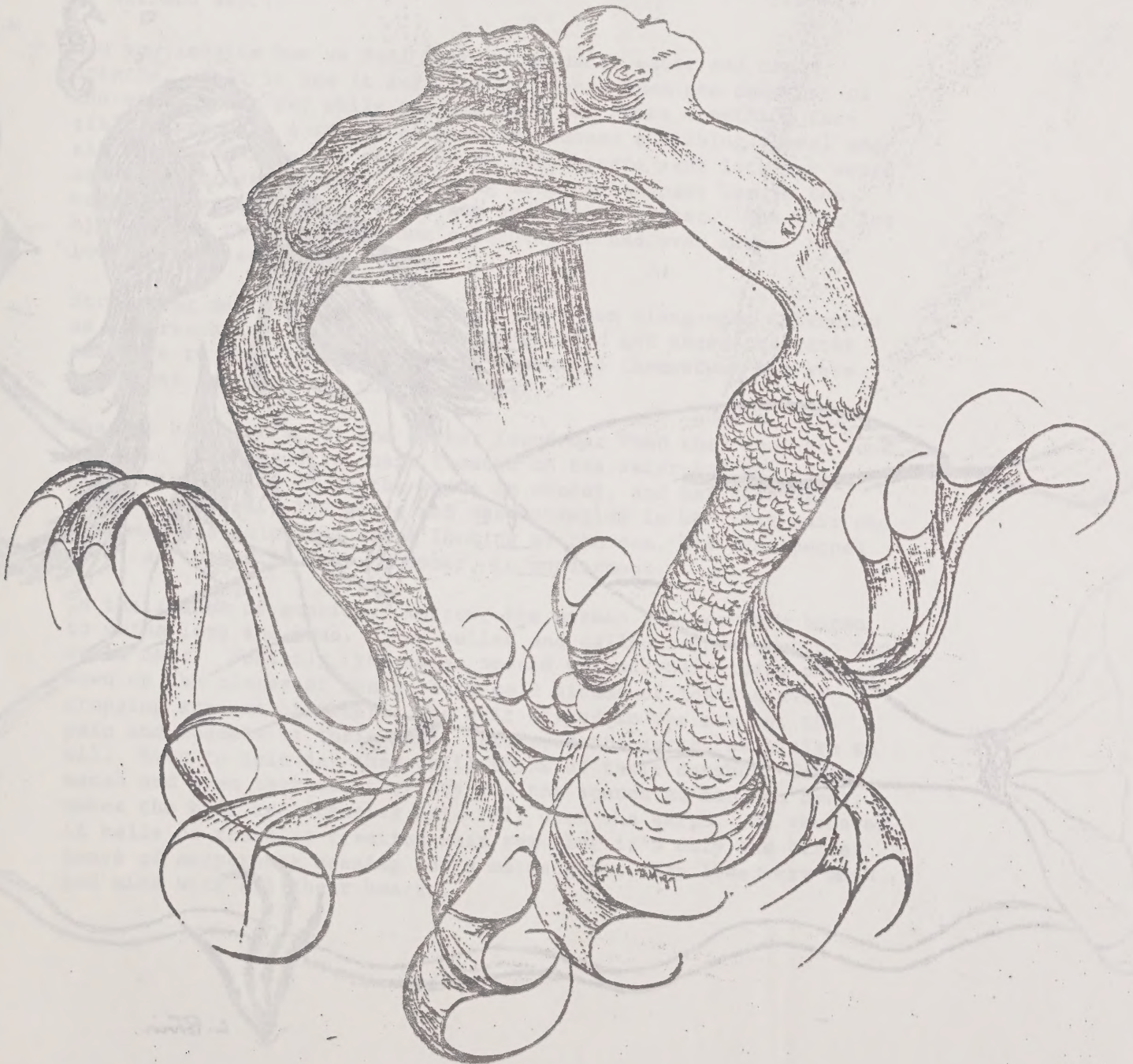
Jo-Ann Mayhew

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Thosre are pearls that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change;
Into something rich and strange;
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell.

Ding-Dong!

Hark! now I hear them: Ding-dong bell.

William Shakespeare





HAIL OR FREEZING RAIN

By: Ann Riddell

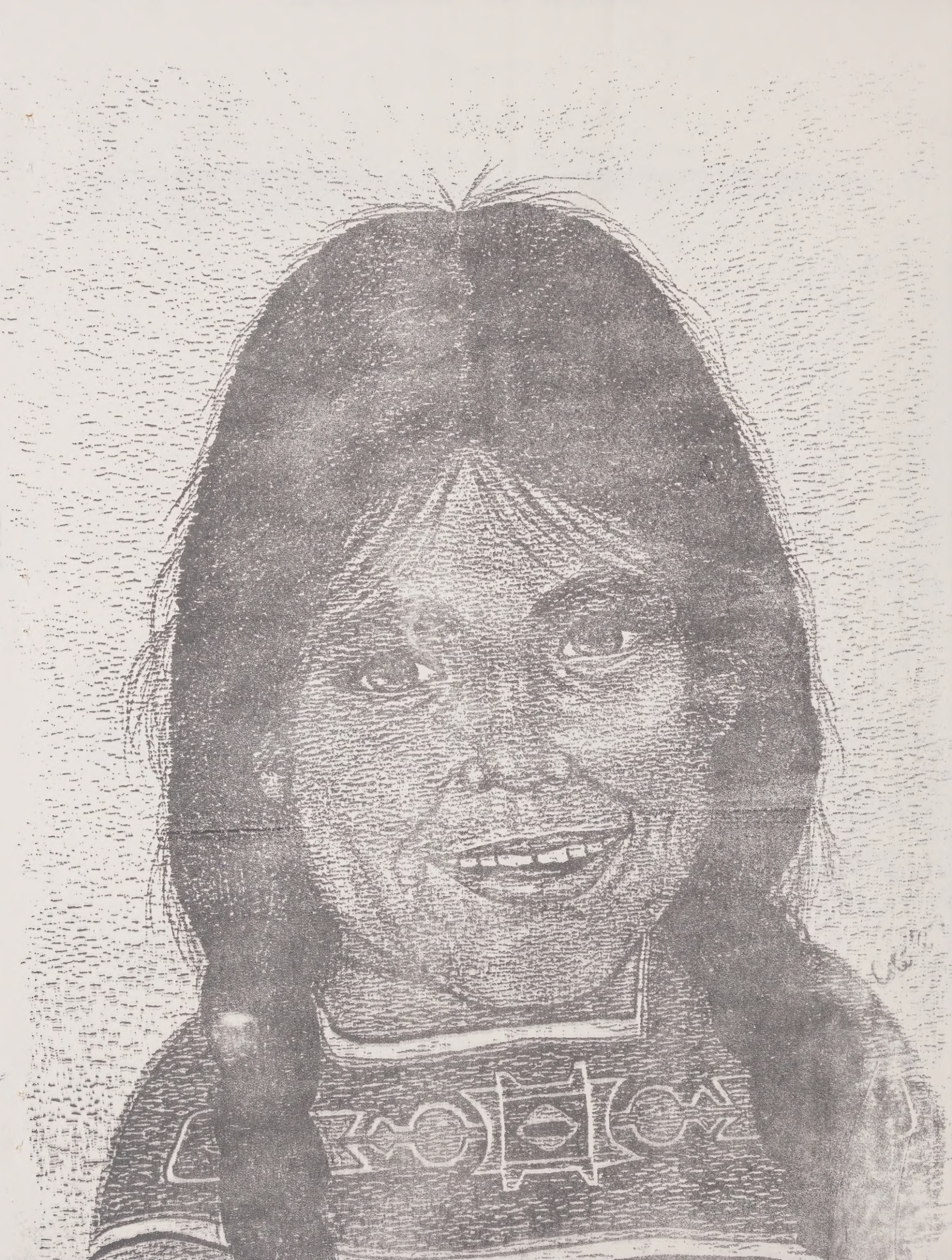
A long time ago, on a tiny island, lived a beautiful young mermaid named Catamenah. She was the pride of her father and the joy of her mother. She lived alone in a crystal green bubble of quartz. Water was her life and without it she knew she would die. Catamenah had many friends, but she felt alone and often swam away by herself to come as near as she could from her world to the world of air and sky...

Can you imagine how we feel when we go under water and can't breathe. That is how it felt for Catamenah when she came out of the water. One day while she was near the shore something terrible happened. A squall of wind overturned a fishing vessel and all were cast into the sea. Forms and objects sank into her world and were forever claimed. A young male rushed past her in the waves and water and she would see and feel his fear. She swam for him and saw the most handsome creature she had ever seen. Her loneliness disappeared.

Struggling madly to stay alive the young man clung onto Catamenah as she reached for him. In his struggle to get above the water and hers to stay below, they both exhausted themselves and were both lost to their own worlds forever.

That is how her father and mother found her when they went to look for her. Her beautiful hair floated on the water and her sea green eyes looked up to the skies in wonder, and her head was above the waves. The young man was entangled in her long hair and his head was below the water looking at the sea, his eyes popped open, as they will ever remember, in wonderment.

In their show of emotional sorrow, the merman and merwoman began to whine long and loud. They wailed and called sounds that no man could hear. Suddenly, the skies opened up and their tears poured down on the places of man in huge cold stones of ice and ever dropping streams of water. The salt stayed in the sea but the pain and sadness of their loss, fell upon the earth, as a sign to all. Even to this day they still think of their daughter Catamenah and when they do, they cry and the sounds no man can hear, makes the hail and freezing rain fall upon the earth. So whenever it hails or there is freezing rain remember it's only the bitter tears of merparents weeping for a merdaughter they love very much and miss with all their hearts.



THE VISIT OF A SUN DANCER

During the first week of April, 1987, Bobby Woods, a Native Spiritual Leader, was visiting the Kingston area. Bobby took the time on several occasions to speak with us at Prison for Women. I was honored to be in a group that had the privilege of listening to him tell the story of the origin of the Sun Dance, one of the greatest sources of strength of Native peoples throughout the ages. As Bobby told it:

Many, many years ago, almost 2000 by modern reckoning, a band of Indians traveling across the Great Plains came upon an extraordinary sight. Ahead of them they saw a herd of Buffalo dancing in a circular formation around a lone tree. Both the unusual dancing pattern of the Buffalo and the existence of the tree in that area of the plains were marvelous sights never before witnessed by these people. In wonder they turned to their Medicine Man for the interpretation. He was the one who had the power to interpret the workings of the spiritual world.

He told his people that what they were seeing was the celebration of the birth of a special man somewhere far away.

He instructed his people to go to the tree and break a branch.

When the tree was cut down they would find a seven pointed star embedded in the core of the stump and at the same time a star glowing far above in the sky to show this great occasion.

From this time forward they were told that this event was to be a celebration of his birth and his death. The spirit said for us to wear a halo around our heads for he had worn one of thorns around his head.

A young virgin would be chosen to cut four notches in a great tree before the tree was cut down to honour the Four Grandfathers who sit at the four corners of the earth.

This young virgin was to represent his mother. This great tree would be carried to the site by men who would spend four days with neither food nor water. These men would dance from sunset to sundown.

At the end of this time, the men would pierce their chests and be attached by ropes to the tree pulling against their bindings until their own flesh broke and

released them. This flesh offering is one of the highest gifts the human can offer the spirits. This is the story of the Sun Dance Ceremony.

The origin of the Sun Dance came from the Sioux people of South Dakota.

Bobby Woods has travelled throughout the United States and Europe. He gave an address to the United Nations Assembly in Geneva Switzerland in 1983 and 1985 speaking of treatment and conditions in Canada of Native prisoners.

Bobby has visited native prisoners all over Canada and the U.S. since the late seventies.

Bobby is committed to assisting the inner struggle of prisoners everywhere to help them overcome their repressive existence through spiritual enlightenment.

"To Live the Faith".

From Bobby's own attitude, it is clear that the message of the Great Spirit as expressed in every man and woman. It knows no boundaries of Race. It is most unfortunate that the Administration of the Prison for Women chose to limit the Spiritual Workshop directed by Mr. Woods to "Natives Only". For those who seek true harmony of spirit this represents the worst of narrow minded thinking. We are richer and honored by this present visit. We all thank Bobby Woods for his time, interest and concern. Hopefully, there will be visits in the future where this Spiritual Leader's message of hope can be shared by everyone.



SHADOW OF CONFUSION

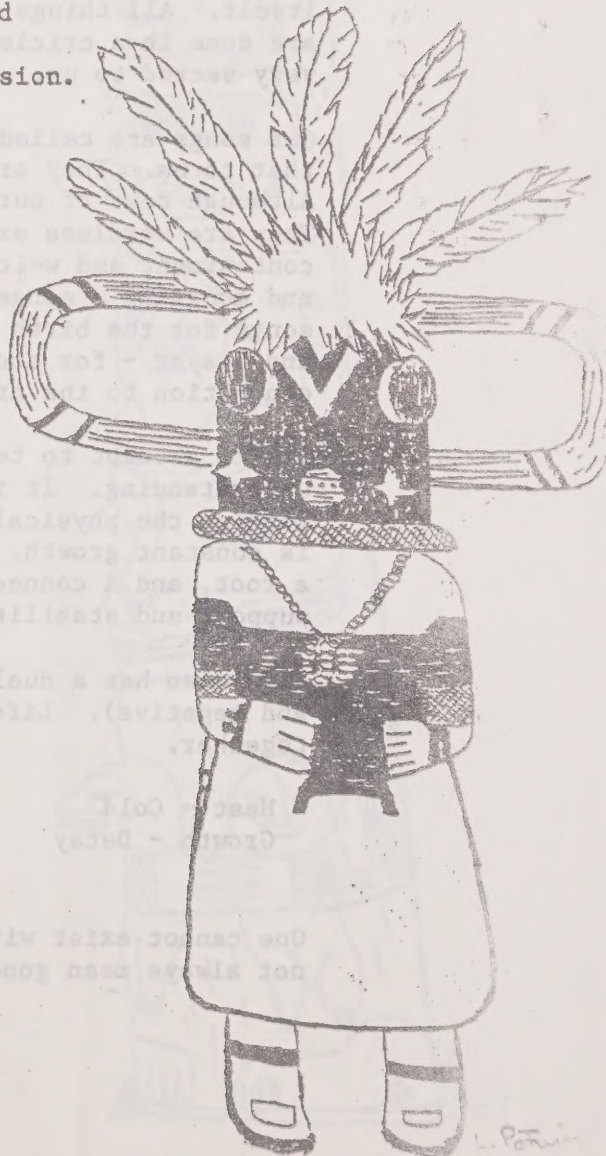
Anne R.

March 21, 1987

I felt confusion when I first saw the white man's world.
I felt the angry winds race across their concrete cities,
the mighty spirit had no place to be free.

And so I left the white man's place of dwelling.
And settled in the hearts of children yet unborn.
I am one of those generations
I carry the mighty spirit within,
I have no fear of your world
I only know what will happen to you
And it causes me to shiver.

Mother Nature has been stretched like an animal skin.
Across races, creeds and universes
In all directions she is pulled
Her life growing weaker and smaller
Until one day when Father time will come to her aid
And release the mighty spirit of generations
Before and now I stand in the shadow of your Confusion.



THE MUSIC, SONGS AND DANCE OF MY PEOPLE

By: Alma Brooks

I am a Maliseet Woman and I have very little formal education, and I was quite amused at being called a visiting scholar. I want you to know right now that I don't profess to be an authority on anything.

I have been asked to share with you a little bit about the music, song and dance of my people. Music and song to my people can be very sacred and very powerful. Different Nations across Turtle Island carry many songs and dances, and pass them along from one generation to the next. Many of our most sacred ceremonies are not without song and music. Usually we use drums, of which there are many kinds, sticks, rattle (or) shakers, even things we wear on our clothing. The drum is the most sacred of all. It is built, of course, in a circle.

The circle is very significant and sacred to us. It represents the earth which is round, the sun and the moon which are round and travel around the earth in a circle, the seasons, and life itself. All things travel in a circle. Our ceremonies and dances are done in a circle with no beginning and no end. The circle is very sacred to us.

Our songs are called "chants" by most people. They are more than that to us. They are one form of communication to our Creator. Although some of our songs have words, most of our songs do not. They are wordless expressions. There are songs for happiness, contentment and welcome - songs for weddings - songs for sadness and mourning - songs for anger, protest and discontent. There are songs for the birth of a child. There are songs for thanksgiving and prayer - for social gatherings and fun. It is one part of our connection to the creation.

I will attempt to tell you how it works, according to my understanding. It is in harmony and balance with **Natural Law**. Life on the physical level of existence, is merely a journey. It is constant growth, motion and action. All things have a center, a root, and a connection to one another. This is for nourishment, support and stability.

Life also has a dual nature, a twinness, if you like, (positive and negative). Life is continued by these twin forces coming together.

Heat - Cold
Growth - Decay

Light - Dark
Good - Evil
Man - Woman

Spirit - Matter
Sun - Earth

One cannot exist without the other. Negative and positive does not always mean good and bad.

O GREAT SPIRIT
WHOSE VOICE I HEAR IN THE WIND
WHOSE BREATH GIVES LIFE TO THE WORLD
HEAR ME.

I COME TO YOU
AS ONE YOUR MANY CHILDREN...

I AM SMALL AND WEAK -

I NEED YOUR STRENGTH

AND YOUR WISDOM.

MAY I WALK IN BEAUTY

MAKE MY EYES EVER BEHOLD

THE RED AND PURPLE SUNSET.

MAKE MY HANDS RESPECT-

THE THINGS THAT YOU HAVE MADE,

AND MY EARS SHARP

TO HEAR YOUR VOICE.

MAKE ME WISE,

SO THAT I MAY KNOW THE THINGS

YOU HAVE TAUGHT YOUR CHILDREN,

THE LESSONS YOU HAVE HIDDEN

IN EVERY LEAF AND ROCK.

MAKE ME STRONG,

NOT TO BE SUPERIOR

TO MY BROTHERS,

BUT TO BE ABLE TO FIGHT

MY GREATEST ENEMY - MYSELF.

MAKE ME EVER READY TO COME TO YOU

WITH STRAIGHT EYES,

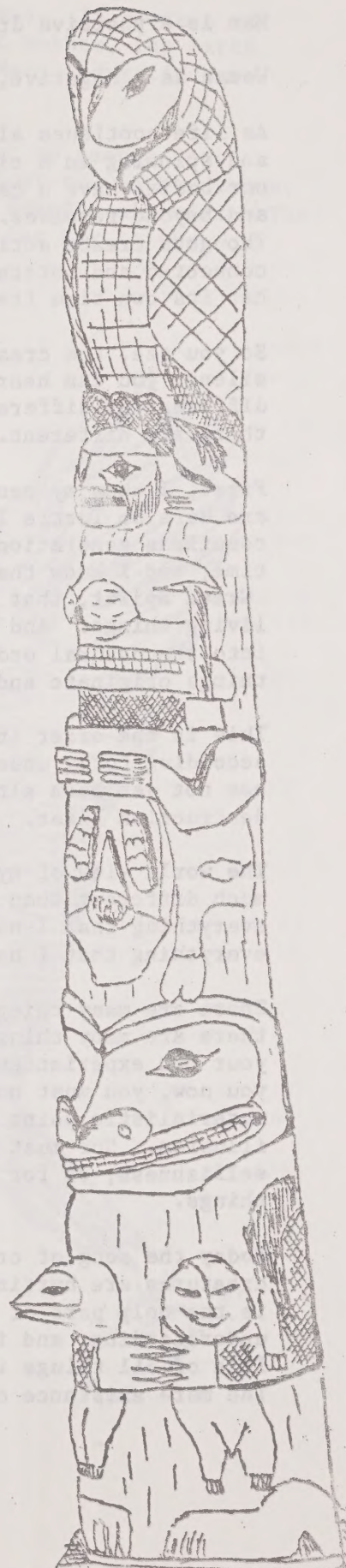
SO THAT WHEN LIFE FADES

AS THE FADED SUNSET,

MY SPIRIT WILL COME

TO YOU WITHOUT SHAME.

MEEGWETCH!!



Man is a positive driving force, like the sun.

Woman is a negative, receptive force, like the earth.

As life continues all things are constantly revolving, vibrating and spinning in a circle. Even the tiny molecules that make up our bodies have a center and they revolve. The Creation, Universe and beyond revolves. Thoughts, weaknesses and strengths revolve. Thoughts create actions which revolve in a circle. Everything is connected and interacts with one another constantly. Everything has its own time frame.

So you see, the creation itself is a song. If you listen to the silence you can hear the sound of creation. The sound is different at different levels of existence because the vibrations there are different.

First, I know my center, which to me is my creator, and my roots are here on Turtle Island, which have been passed on to me by countless generations of my forefathers since the beginning of time, and I know that I am connected to all of creation by the Great Spirit, that energy (or) life force that flows to all living things. And so I SING. My expressions evolve and revolve into the natural order of things - to the place from where all things originate and back again in a full circle.

This is the order in which all things in the natural world flow, according to my understanding. This order (of cause and effect) has not yet been altered by man. Man will suffer his own destruction first.

The world view of my people and our way of relating to creation is much different than yours. I do not expect you to understand everything that I have said, nor do I expect you to accept everything that I have said. That is not my purpose.

There are many things I cannot tell you because I don't know. And there are many things I won't tell you because it is only through your own experiences that you would understand, but I will tell you now, you must not ever try to interpret these things from a materialistic point of view, for what you might see is an illusion. Nor must you use these things based on greed or selfishness, or for personal gain, but rather, for the good of all things.

Today the song of creation is a sad one. The earth and all her creatures are hurting. It is caused by the ignorance of man. Man is the only part of creation that has lost its purpose and understanding, and is terribly out of balance. In my culture, life of all things is the most important thing on this planet. The mere existence of something commands respect. So in our songs

and dances and ceremonies we express ourselves. In prayers of gratitude - in sorrow and pity for our first mother, the earth, and we may ask for strength and guidance. Many, many times we receive these things.

If you need proof of this take a look at what my people have endured since Western Civilization stepped foot on our homelands. We are here and we will continue to be here despite all odds. The power we have is sacred, and My People hold the key to the survival of life on this planet.



Justin K. Hovik
04/24/00
Happy Eagle Day 1972

JAILHOUSE BLUES!

By: Chunky (Kim)

This place does nothing but bring me down
Day in day out, I wear this frown

This pain inside is too much to keep
It's getting so I can hardly sleep

Sometimes I feel so tired and weak
My mouth is moving, but I cannot speak

The screws do nothing but sit on their ass
While waiting for their shifts to pass

They couldn't care less if we live or die
For what they speak is but one more lie

Of all the people here, you'll find few real friends
For some it's just the beginning, but for me it's the end

Most just play the game, and though you are not aware
They're not your friend, cause no one really cares

For they will pass you by, when you're down and out
That's when you find out what they're really all about

My feelings are cut shorter with each passing day
For the deceiving and conniving never goes away

If you're cold you're hated and too nice you're used
But all the same, you're still abused

Somehow, someday they will succeed
In making me feel no need to proceed

Living this life of lies and hate
But there's no longer this inmate

For you to push around
Cause my friend, I've already fallen
I've already hit the ground...

Sad Reflection

Someone please forgive me
For the wrongs I have done
The mistakes I have made
For the strengths I have not won

My life is not exactly in place
There's many things gone wrong
I'm hoping to get back on track
To the life which I belong

Happiness means to me
Lots of love and affection
But looking into the mirror
Is nothing but a sad reflection

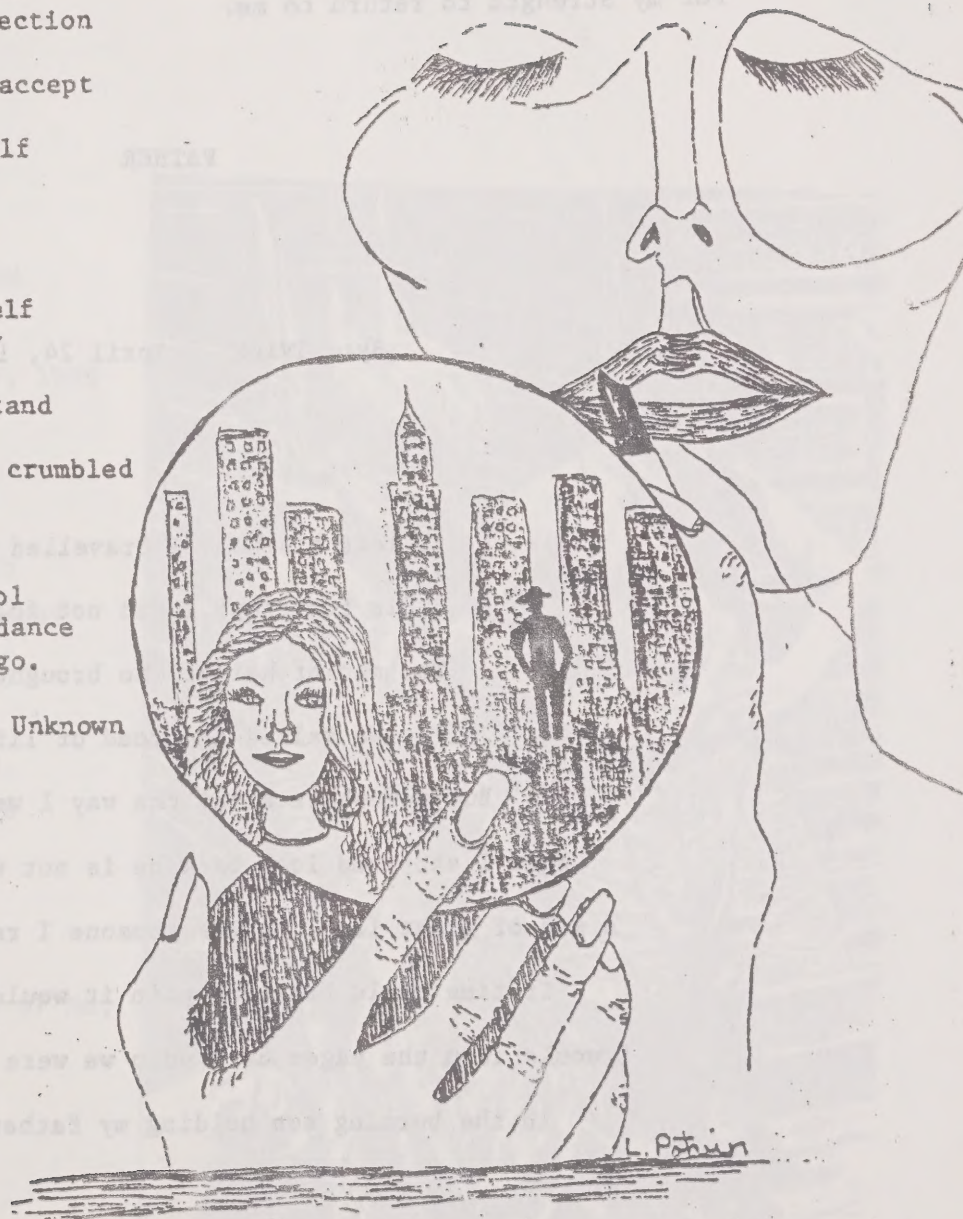
Loving myself is hard to accept
It takes a lot of will
I have first to love myself
Before the gaps I fill

People seem to like me
This I won't deny
But being alone with myself
Brings on the will to cry

I want so much to understand
Why I feel this way
Like the whole world has crumbled
I'm feeling sad today

Maybe in the future
If I learn to take control
I will have a better guidance
Of the direction I must go.

- Author Unknown



MOTHER

The fight is over no one has won
Why must the war continue on?
The wounds are deep the blood is thick,
My heart cries out cuz it's you I miss
We are flesh and blood one and the same.
Inside we both suffer and feel the pain.
I need to walk through your doors,
And feel your love for me once more.
Please don't desert me in my hour of need.
Enveloped in your love is where I need to be.
My heart cries out in agony,
For you to just believe in me.
Deep inside I know you still care.
Your forgiveness is all that I need,
For my Strength to return to me.

FATHER

By: Tyler April 24, 1986

I left his home I travelled wide.

His footsteps I did not follow.

The man of height who brought me up.

We walked the road of life.

But somewhere along the way I went astray.

When I stop and look back he is not with me anymore.

A man of great love, he was someone I really looked up to.

If time could heal the pain it wouldn't be so bad.

I would turn the pages back when we were young to walk again

in the burning sun holding my father's strong hand.

Daddy's Boy

sitting on the sidewalk
kicking in the dirt
with smudges on his elbows
and chocolate on his shirt

eyes fixed on the highways
his life is not so bad
just passed time in the sunshine
and waiting for his Dad

well, all kid have their heroes
it's really nothing new
from Superman and Robin Hood
to Captain Kangaroo

But my boy's someone special
and his hero is the same
his hero is a real man
and Daddy is his name

J.D.

ADAM

February, 1986

There is a boy I know very well,
He keeps his sorrow inside too much
I am the only one who knows his secret
I can tell his pain
Mine is the same.....
Circumstances brought me to prison,
He cannot come and I cannot be free
I see it in his eyes....
We are out of human touch,
Adam you are my son,
I can feel your sorrow deep inside of me,
I cry for the two of us
A lost child's and mother's love.



HELP ME?

By: Mary Smith

I've lived a life of crime
and paid dearly every time

It's not a life I choose
But it's the only life I know
I need a helping hand
So I too can make my stand

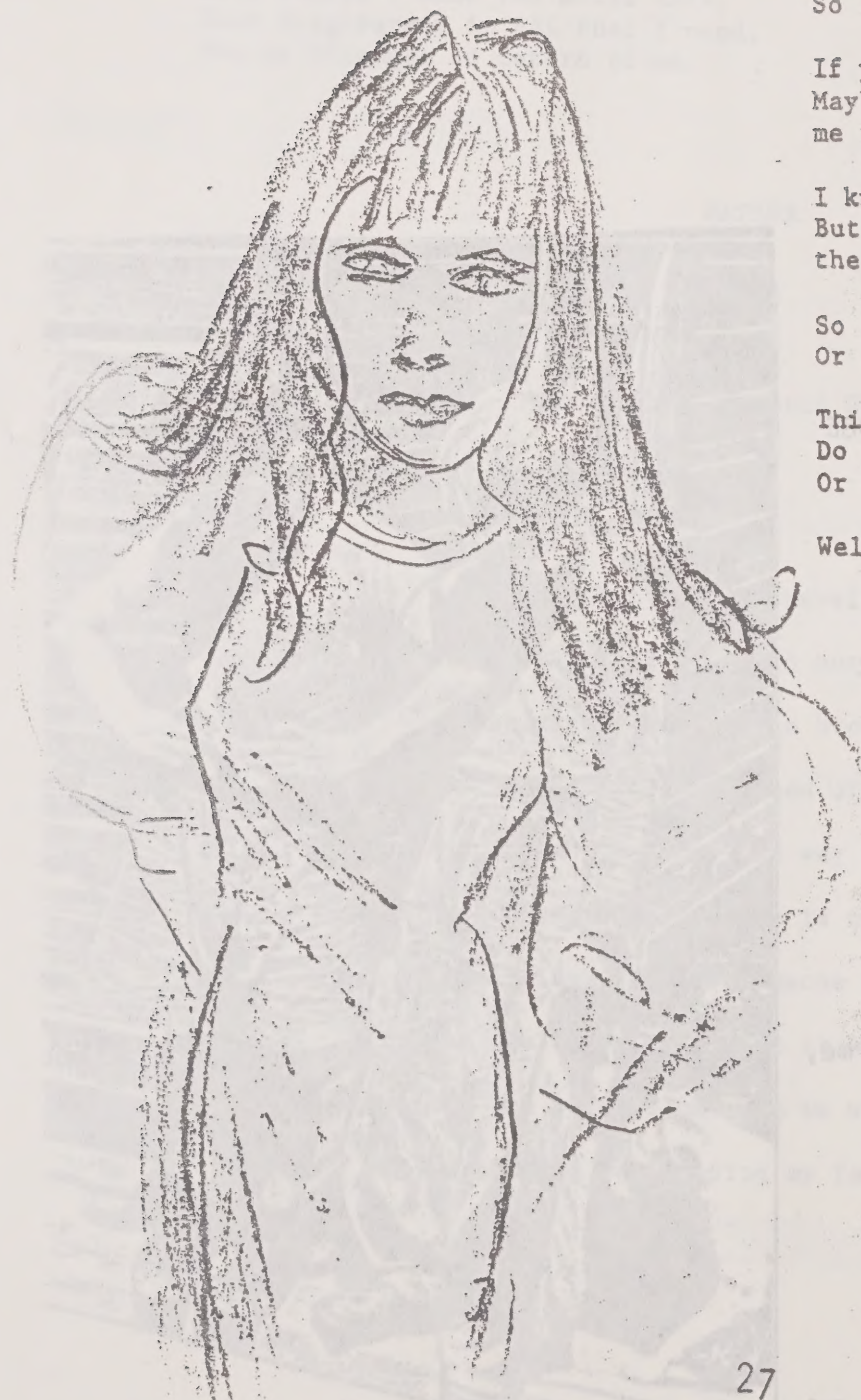
If you could only see inside my heart
Maybe even you would want to help
me to make a fresh start

I know I'm good and also pretty smart
But getting started out right seems to be
the hardest part

So lend a hand and show you care
Or I may never get out or go anywhere

This is my cry for help
Do you turn your back on me
Or do you even want to know I'm here

Well, do you?

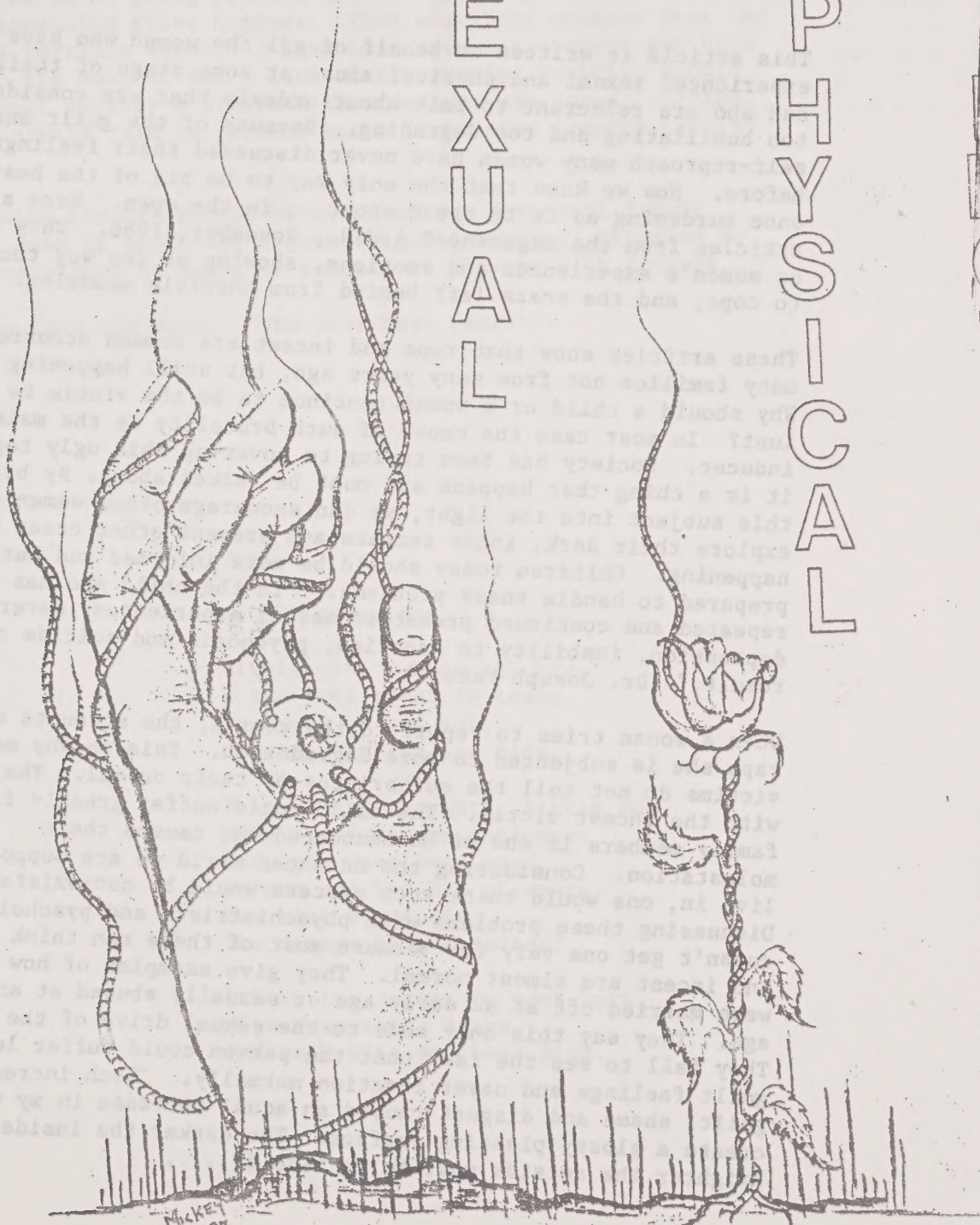


ABUSE

SEXUAL

PHYSICAL

EMOTIONAL



"A NOT TALKED ABOUT PROBLEM IN OUR DAILY LIVES"

By Doriana DiTaddeo

This article is written on behalf of all the women who have experienced sexual and physical abuse at some stage of their life and who are reluctant to talk about ordeals that are considered too humiliating and too degrading. Because of the guilt and self-reproach many women have never discussed their feelings before. Now we know that the only way to be rid of the heavy load once burdening us is to speak about it in the open. Here are articles from the magazine D.A.W.N., November, 1986. They bring us women's experiences and emotions, showing us the way they had to cope, and the scars left behind from horrible memories.

These articles show that rape and incest are common occurrences in many families not from many years ago, but still happening today. Why should a child or a woman continue to be the victim to a man's lust? In most case the cause of such brutality is the male inducer. Society has been trying to cover-up this ugly topic, but it is a thing that happens and must be talked about. By bringing this subject into the light, we can encourage other women to explore their dark, inner secrets and prevent other cases from happening. Children today should be more informed and better prepared to handle these problems. "In the child who has had repeated and continued premature sexual experiences, severe depression, inability to function, psychosis and suicide can result." (Dr. Joseph Peters)

When a woman tries to report to the courts, the accounts of her rape she is subjected to more degradation. This is why many raped victims do not tell the authorities of their ordeal. The same with the incest victim. The child would suffer greatly from family members if she or he announced who caused their molestation. Considering the advanced world we are supposed to live in, one would think such matters would be non-existent. Discussing these problems with psychiatrists and psychologists doesn't get one very far because most of these men think that rape and incest are almost normal. They give examples of how children were married off at an early age or sexually abused at an early age. They say this only adds to the sexual drive of the victim. They fail to see the fact that the person could suffer long-term guilt feelings and never function normally. "Each increase in my guilt, shame and disgust caused an equal increase in my need to create a glossy pleasing surface. The darker the inside, the brighter the outside must be to hide it....."

By the time I reached high school, I had two absolutely separate personalities. The public one exhibited to the family and friends alike was friendly, stable, honest, thoughtful, courteous, trustworthy, reliable and co-operative. The private one was fearful, isolated, anxious and depressed." (Dr. Joseph Peters)

This will be an on-going process until they reach the end of their rope and something grave happens. Then everybody wonders what led up to this terrible event. I have heard women's stories and have read up on the subject and I feel that something positive should be done about society's attitude towards rape and incest victims. Straight forward talk is painful but a first step towards healthy healing.

In conclusion parents should be aware of the potential danger signals: loss of appetite, nightmares, bed-wetting, clinging to mother, resistance to going to school, or playing with friends.

References from the book: "The Best Kept Secret".

"LITTLE GIRL"

Little girl I hear you cry,
I see your heart in tears,
You curl up and sob,
No where to run and hide.

I know your thoughts, little one
They are deep and confused.
Yes, you have been used,
He won and had his pleasure.
How will we repair
The damage he has caused?

I have the answer to your hurt,
Wipe away those tears
And walk with you head high.

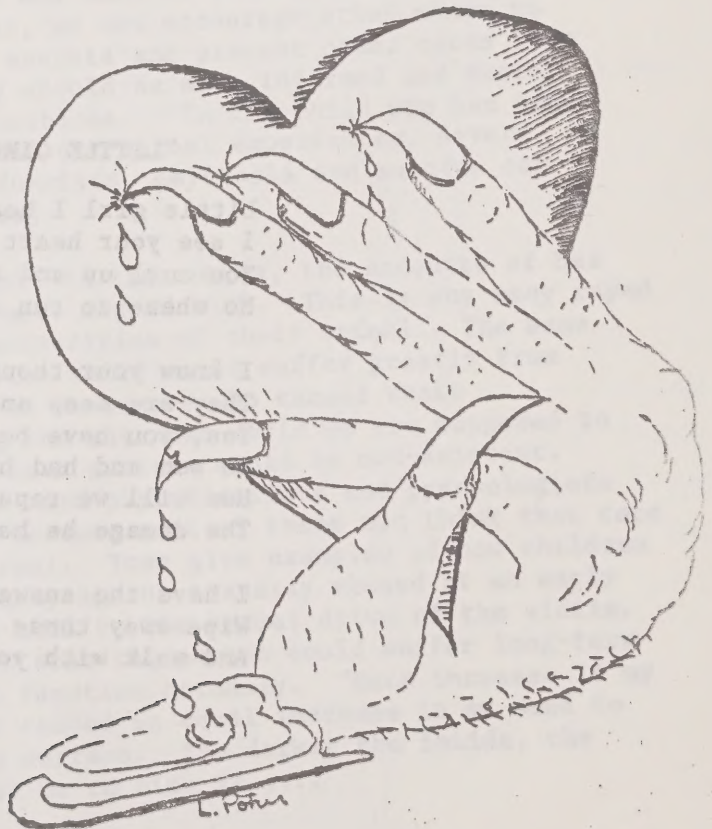
"THE SOUL"

By: Doriana DiTaddeo

There are invisible fingers clawing at this soul
Clutched on the edges like meat hooks
Bleeding, it drips with tears of blood
It throbs, it gasps
It tries to breathe.

Life is stronger and so it conquers
And fights these clasps
That pierce through the very depth of pain
The soul struggles to grasp its strength
And slowly, very slowly
Regains the will to live.

The soul has given the body hope
The person ignores the source
That pinned it down
Forgets the agony
Continuing...



L'INCESTE, LE DRAME TERRIBLE DES ENFANTS ABUSÉS

Des milliers de parents abusent de leurs enfants, quatre sur cinq sont des pères alors que 19% des enfants abusés le sont par leur mère. Cependant, il y aurait cinq fois plus d'abus sexuels entre frères et sœurs qu'entre père et fille ou belle-fille ou fils.

"J'ai un secret...papa a touché mes fesses...ça fait mal! Il m'a dit de ne pas le dire. J'ai peur qu'il ne m'aime plus...j'ai peur qu'il le fasse encore." Un petit bonhomme raconte cette histoire à quatre ans. Dans presque tous les cas la mère est complice du père abuseur. Elle ne dit rien de peur de perdre sa sécurité économique ou de peur de voir son mari la quitter ou fréquenter des prostituées. La peur d'être battue ou blessée est aussi un facteur dominant. Dans un cas sur trois, l'abusé sexuel est aussi victime de violence physique.

L'inceste est pratiqué par toutes les couches de la société. S'il est pauvre ou de classe moyenne, l'abuseur pratiquera son vice chez lui, de nuit de préférence, souvent après que la conjoint lui aura refusé ses faveurs. Certains le font plus subtilement, dès alors que leurs moyens financiers le leur permettent.

Par exemple, un père de famille amenait quatre fois par année ses enfants dans un condo d'Amérique sud pour se livrer à ses bas instincts. Des hypothèses de travail suggèrent qu'il peut y avoir un lien entre la recrudescence d'inceste et la peur de l'herpès ou pire du SIDA. Les enfants seraient moins perçus comme une menace, tant au CANADA qu'aux ETATS-UNIS. Il est certain cependant que la dénonciation obligatoire joue un rôle dans le dépistage de l'inceste. Mais la dénonciation ne règle pas le problème!

"LES ENFANTS NE SONT PAS PROTEGES CONTRE LES ABUS SEXUELS."

Des travailleurs sociaux ont remis des poupées sexuées, c'est-à-dire munies d'organes mâles et femelle, et ont laissé exprimer les enfants. Puis sans hésiter, les enfants montra à l'aide des poupées exactement ce que son abuseur lui faisait.

EMOTIONAL STAGES OF THE RAPE EXPERIENCE

1. STAGE ONE - occurs immediately after the rape and can last for a week afterwards: victim is numb, seems to show no feelings, talks very slowly and inaudibly, may actually be in physical shock (weak pulse, pale, shallow breathing) expresses little other than disbelief that rape happened. Victim may or may not be freely expressing anxiety, fear, shame at being humiliated and despoiled. Encourage expression, reassure victim.
2. STAGE TWO - an outward adjustment. As the victim deals with practical matters, and as one or more weeks pass by after the rape, the victim may resume her/his usual activities and appear to be "adjusting" to the experience. The victim may deny feelings expressed earlier, deny that she/he has any feelings about the rape, become less interested in talking about it. Although the response is rational and self-protective, if the victim remains in this stage she/he will not have a chance to really "finish" the experience. Here the counsellor can give the victim strong support; while not challenging her/his defenses, and help the victim to take action by acting on her/his own-behalf.
3. STAGE THREE - integration. The victim may suddenly find themselves depressed and unable to stop thinking about the rape. A recent experience may have reminded the victim of the rape, or a real problem may arise concerning the trial, a relationship, or bad dreams. At this stage the victim will not only want your help to deal with the immediate problem but also to work through your feeling about herself/himself and about the assailant.

ANOTHER TIME

THE TRIANGLE-SHAPED MIRROR IS LOOSELY HANGING
ON THE WALL

MY REFLECTION STARES BACK AT ME, SO SMALL

ALL I CAN SEE IS THE DARK-RED DRY BLOOD

PLASTERED AND CAKED ON MY SKIN.

THE RIGHT EYE IS PARTIALLY CLOSED, TURNING PURPLE,

IN MY THROAT I HAVE THIS URGE TO GAG,

MY HEAD IS SPINNING IN A CIRCLE.

I PICK-UP A RAG TO WIPE AT MY FACE,

I NOTICE MY FINGER IS SPRAINED AND SPACED.

I FEEL FAINT, I NEED A CHAIR, I FALL BACK,

ONE FOOT IN THE CAT'S FOOD BOWL, A SPLINTER IN MY TOE.

I ACHE IN MY BACK, HURTING, PAIN AGAIN-----

SOMEONE IS CRYING, NOW ALMOST SCREAMING, ITS NOT ME.

THE BABY, I FORGOT THE BABY!

I GO HALF-WALKING, HALF-CRAWLING TO THE CRIB,

MY BABY IS FINE, SHE'S ONLY HUNGARY.

I LOOK TOWARDS THE HALLWAY, THE DOOR AJAR,

THE BASTARD LEFT, PROBABLY TO THE BAR.

SLOWLY I COLLECT MY THOUGHTS AND TRY TO ASSEMBLE
WHAT IS LEFT TO ASSEMBLE.

I CONTINUE TO CLEAN MY DIRT INSIDE AND OUTSIDE,

FUNNY HOW SEX COULD TURN TO AN UGLY STENCH, REPULSIVE,

HOW THE TASTE OF BLOOD BE SO SWEET-----

THE DEFEAT IS THE WORST PART,

NOT SO MUCH THE RAW FLESH OR THE PARCHED LIPS.

I REMEMBER WHAT SOMEONE TOLD ME ONCE,

WE ARE BORN ALONE INTO THIS WORLD

AND WHEN WE DIE, WE DIE ALONE.

I CAN'T PERMIT MYSELF TO THINK SUCH

MY CHILD NEEDS ME TOO MUCH.

DORIANA MARCH/ 87

THE ABUSED FEMALE

Often, both the abuse woman and her spouse have been emotionally and physically abused as children.

She believes his threats to kill her, the children, himself and the pet. he may have a weapon and has used it to assault her.

The male spouse was extremely jealous and controlling and would pick on the oldest child and say the oldest child must not be his.

Repeated threatening, criticism and assault, combined with outside blame on the abused woman, results in a lowered sense of self-esteem.

A battered woman often loses her objective perspective as a result of being isolated from her own values.

The constant stress and fear of his violent outbursts often causes physical and psychological ailments.

She has almost no autonomy. She has conformed to her partner's expectations and has submitted to his complete control. This results in her inability to make decisions and solve problems.

She experiences many difficulties in parenting and disciplining her children. Her partner has visiting rights with the children once they are apart and wants the family back together, but he will not get counselling. He will continue to harass her, either through the children or directly.

MEMOIRS OF A NORMAL CHILDHOOD

By: Bonnie Urfer

Source: The Progressive, 10/86 Issue

Submitted By: Susan Fair

I had a normal childhood. It was filled with violence and abuse. Most of it I don't remember. Somethings I will never forget.

The first time I was abused by a man I was six years old. His name was Elmer, and he managed the gas station next to our house. One summer day I walked over to visit him. He led me behind the counter, sat down on a chair, and lifted me onto his lap.

I was scared, I was always scared.

The first thing I heard as I sat in Elmer's lap was a zipper opening. He took my hand and led it behind me where I felt something soft, something very strange and wobbly and squishy. I remember trying to figure out what it was I was touching without looking. I didn't know. Then as my hand guided over the soft thing it began to get hard and large. I wanted to cry. I still didn't know what it was. I didn't know until I grew up and had an adult relationship with a man. But I never forgot that day at Elmer's gas station and I never went back. Shortly after that episode Elmer took my brother on a trip with him.

When I was eight years old I visited my cousins with my family. My aunt needed to be picked up from work about twenty miles away through back country roads. My cousin Tim was going to get her and asked if I'd ride along. I said yes.

I was scared, I was always scared.

We were somewhere on our way when he stopped the car and started fondling my body and kissing me. I was so angry, I flew into the back seat where I kicked and kicked as hard as I could each time his hands came toward me. He finally stopped trying, told me I sure wasn't part of the family, and drove on to pick up his mother.

When I was eleven years old I went to the grocery store for my mother. When I got there I wandered up and down the aisles

looking for the items ordered. On my way down one side aisle a man came toward me from the opposite direction. I didn't look at him.

I was scared, I was always scared.

As he went by I thought I saw his penis out of his pants. I hurried by, not wanting to disappoint my mother by leaving the store without the supplies I was sent for. I went down the next aisle and so did he. And his penis was out of his pants. I ran out of the store and went home with nothing but tears running down my face.

One warm day when I was thirteen my grandfather came to town to visit us. It was always a very special event and a big deal was made of his time in the city. We were preparing a picnic outside, so that's where most people were, except for my mother, my grandfather and me. My mother walked down the stairs and went outside. That left me and my grandfather.

I was scared, I was always scared.

He was standing close behind me when the door closed behind my mother. As soon as it slammed, his hand went down the front of my pants. In the next second the door opened, and as fast as his hand went in, it came out. I never let myself be alone in the same room with my grandfather again.

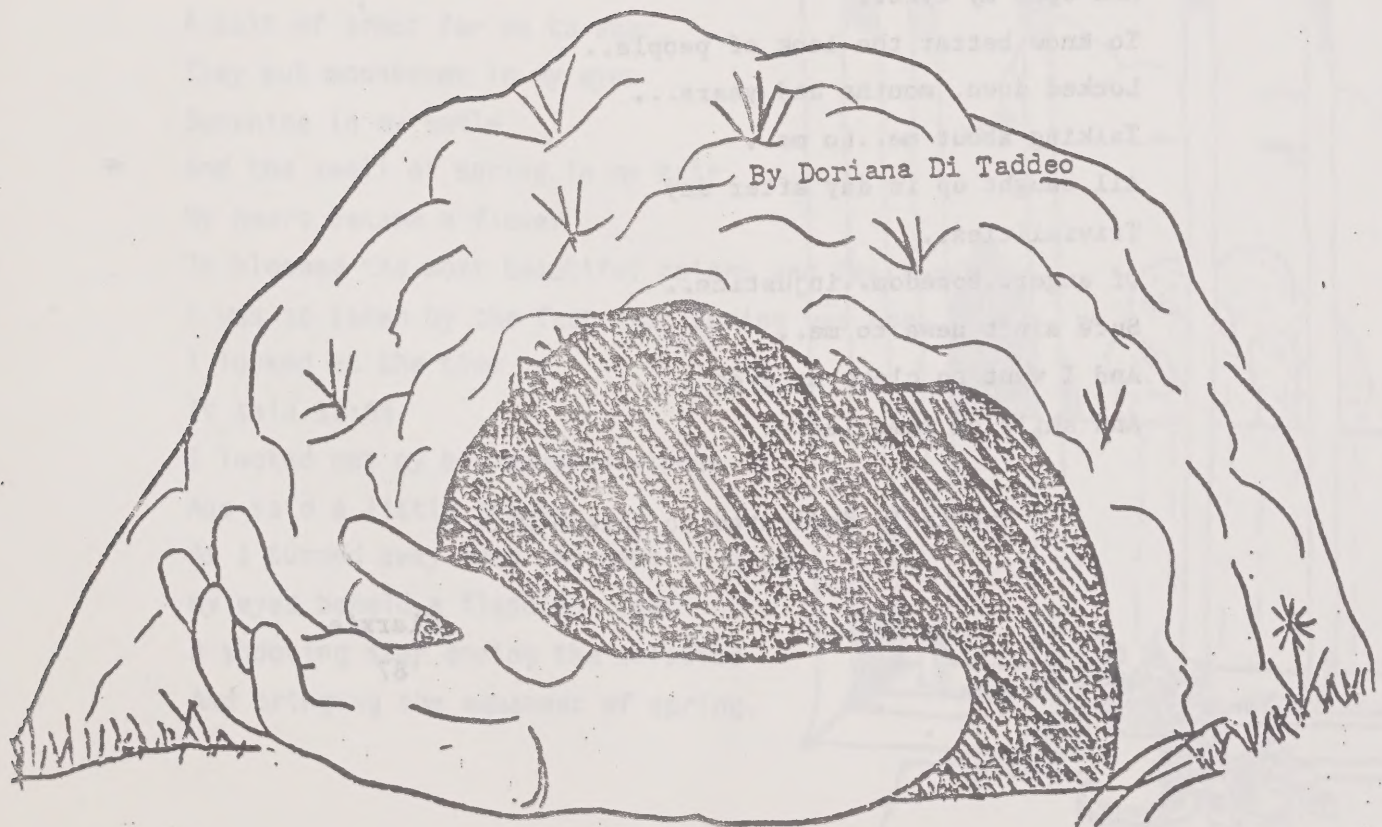
I am only one person and these are only a few of the things I remember. There was the time I was ice skating, going from the pavilion onto the ice. As I walked out the door the hand of someone going in cupped my breast and squeezed. Again and again and again I was scared. I felt so abused, so used, so low.

All of my life I remember these things and now I'm telling. For the first time in all of these years I can say it wasn't my fault and for the first time I'm recognizing and hearing from other women that they too had an uncle who managed to brush his hand across their breast every time there was a hug to be given, or family friend who always wanted the girls to sit on his lap so he could fondle their breast or put his hand down their pants when no one was looking.

It's time we all started telling the truth about our normal childhoods.

YESTERDAYS

I DRIVE MY STEAM ROLLER,
A MACHINE BUILT FOR STRENGTH.
I WORK WITH EFFORT,
BREATHING HARD
PUSHING DAYS FROM THE CALENDAR
AND FEELING SATISFACTION
AS I WATCH EACH ONE
PLUMMET
TO ITS DEATH
INTO THE BLACK CAVERNS
LEAVING HOLES
TO BE DISCOVERED/UNCOVERED
BY ARCHEOLOGISTS
TWO HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.



THE STURGIS RUN

for Sue & Doug

To feel the sunshine...
And close my eyes..to hear better
The sounds of summer..
Smell the road dust and hayfields..
A mile away
To know not far away
Lies a body warm and ...
Feeling the sunshine with me...
To know I'm free...

To feel the sunshine..
And open my eyes..
To know better the look of people..
Locked down, months and years...
Talking about me..to me..
All caught up in day after day
Trivialities..
Of anger..boredom..injustice..
Sure ain't news to me..
And I want to close my eyes
And smile on memories...

Specially dedicated to Coreen C...

Clarxie

'87

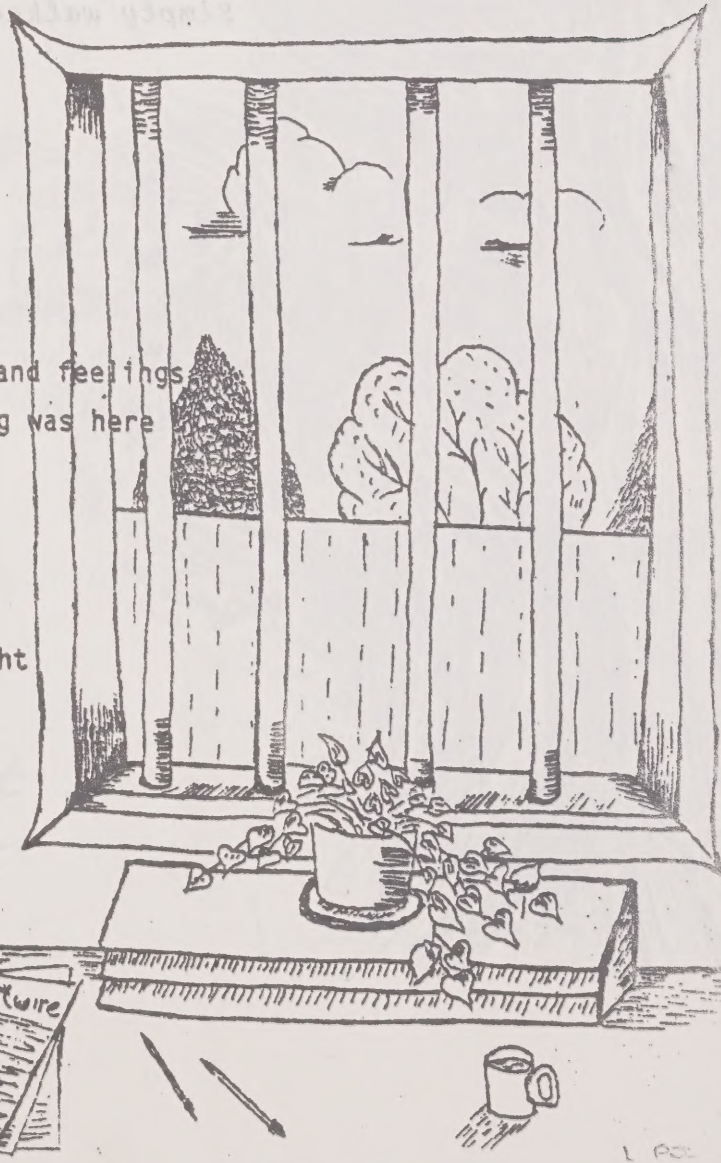
SPRING

March 21, 1987

I heard it calling me awake
Deep in the heart of night,
My body let go as a snake sheds its skin
And all of a sudden I know
Spring is coming



All of nature came and formed
A suit of armor for me to wear,
They put moonbeams in my eyes
Sunshine in my smile
And the smell of spring in my hair
My heart became a flower
It bloomed the most beautiful colors and feelings
I was so taken by the fact that spring was here
I looked at the time
It said 12:05
I looked out my bar-covered window
And said a little prayer
As I turned away from the dark of night
My eyes beheld a flashing light
A shooting star ending the solstice
And bringing the equinox of spring.



SPRING

March 21, 1987

Time.....

A grain of sand
Slipping by in an hourglass?
An era,
A decade;
Will it show how and why?
Many asked, even Einstein
Relativity: is that the answer?
No explanation
No possible resolution

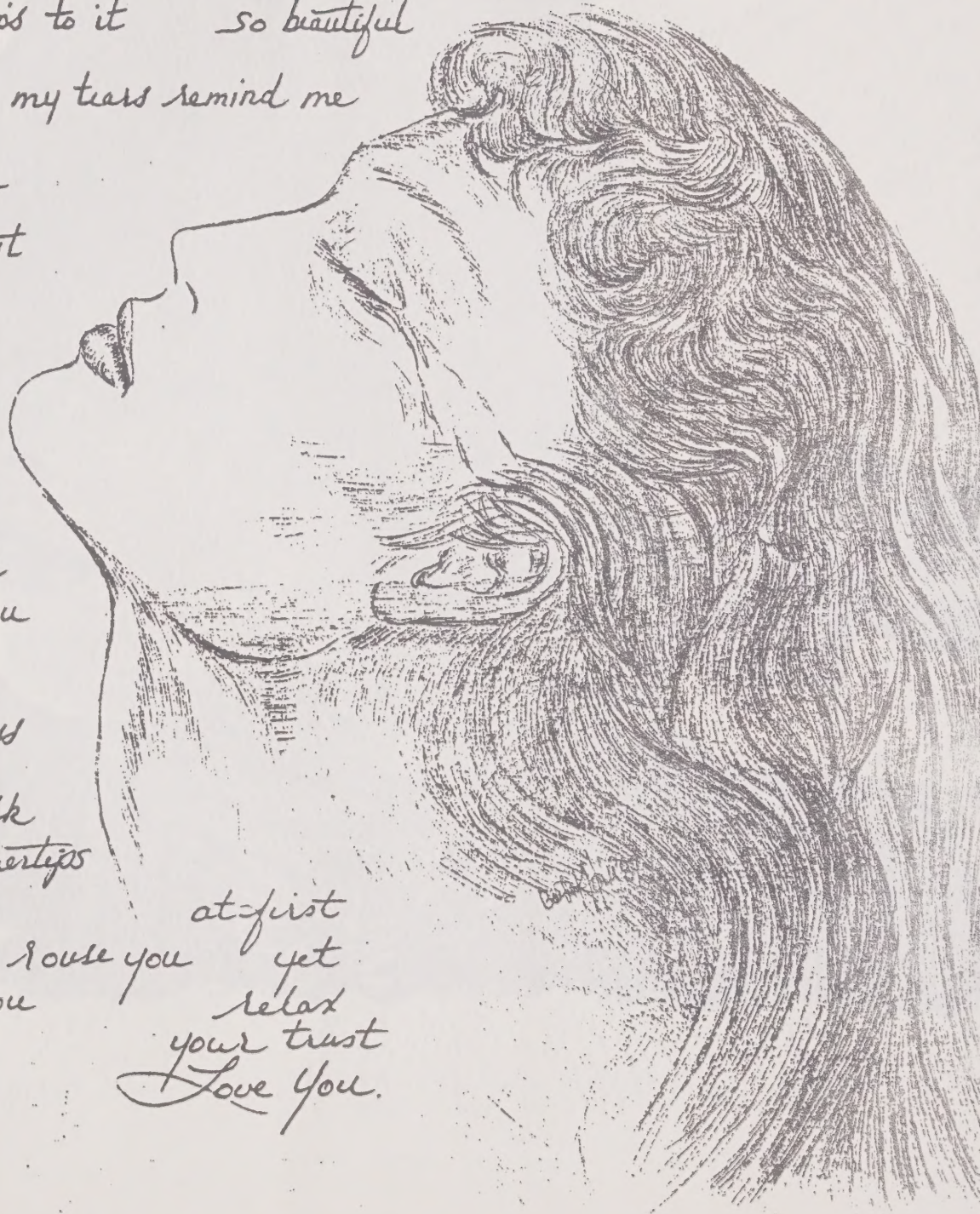
Time.....

Simply walked slyly by.

Julia Tae

All of nature came and found
A suit of armor for me to wear,
They put moonbeams in my eyes
Sunshine in my smile
And the smell of spring in my hair
My heart became
It bloomed the most beautiful colors and feelings
I was so taken by the fact that spring was here
I looked at the time
It said 12:02
I looked out my bar-covered window
And said a little prayer
As I turned away from the dark of night
My eyes beheld a flashing light
A shooting star ending the solstice
And bringing the equinox of spring.

My hand brushes a leaf my God
 it is so soft and alive
 I touch my lips to it so beautiful
 on my mouth my tears remind me
 long ago
 I Kissed you
 softly at first
 softly
 in the morning
 softly
 in
 the afternoon
 Kiss your back
 Kiss your neck
 touch you
 softly
 barely feeling
 the smoothness
 of your skin
 like silk
 against my fingertips
 softly
 not wanting to rouse you at first
 just feel you yet
 feel relax
 letting me your trust
 Love You.





COLOUR "87"

By: Janie Bassett

If you've looked around at all lately, you will have noticed that the world has turned into a multitude of colors. People's awareness to color and its influences have finally become so apparent that a whole new market has been established. Personal color analysis or consultations are overwhelmingly popular and "coloring" is the hottest and most exciting word in the fashion and beauty industry today.

This color explosion is probably one of the greatest and ingenious concepts ever, and is, without hesitation, here to stay. Color is personal, and that's exactly what people want. It's not a secret anymore that when it comes to personal appearance color can make you or break you. Hot and bold or soft and elusive, a lot or a little, coloring in the right places highlights your good points and minimizes your flaws. Color has been around for centuries but the diversity and proper use of it in a personal sense has just been discovered.

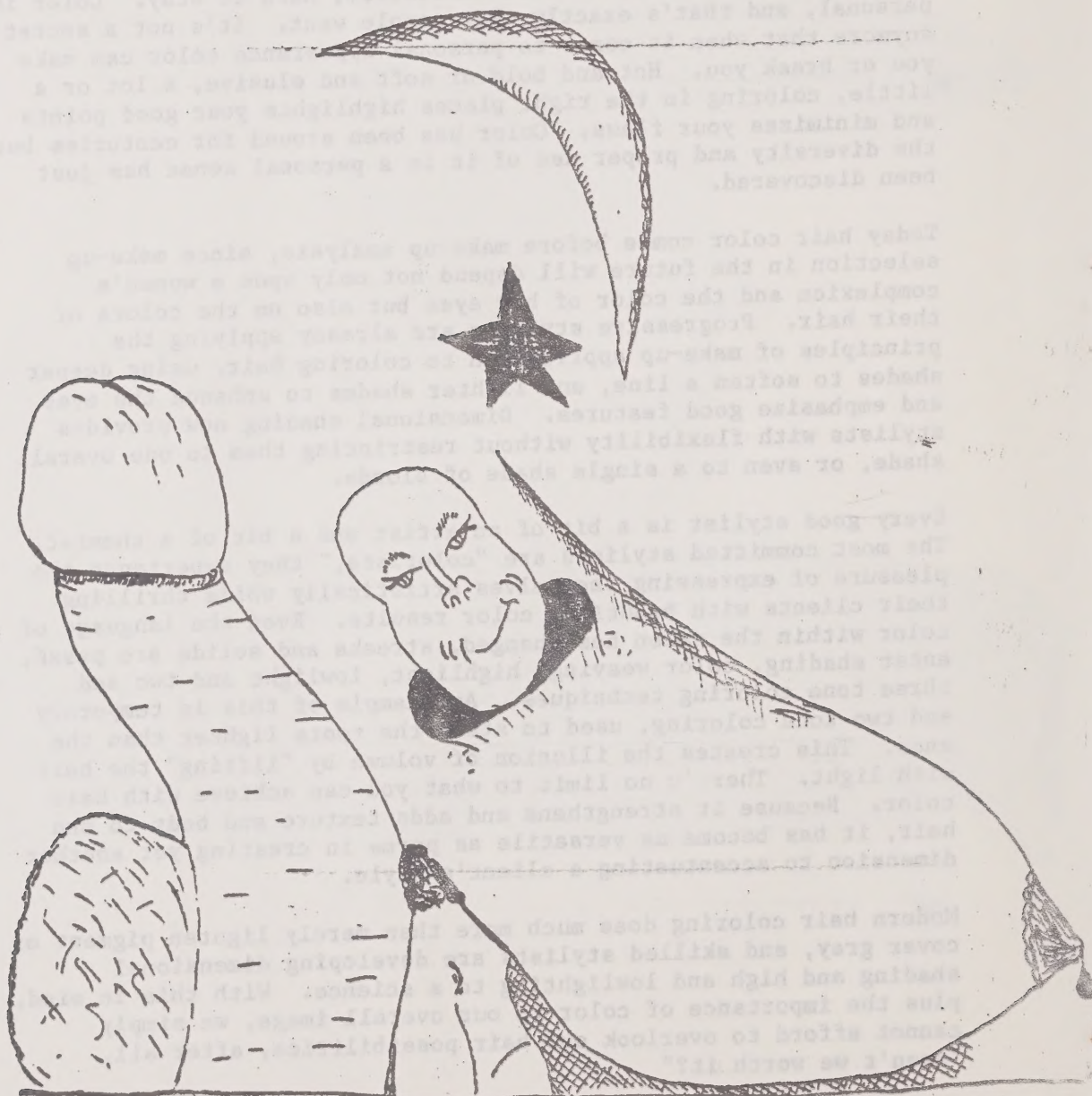
Today hair color comes before make-up analysis, since make-up selection in the future will depend not only upon a woman's complexion and the color of her eyes but also on the colors of their hair. Progressive stylists are already applying the principles of make-up application to coloring hair, using deeper shades to soften a line, and lighter shades to enhance the eyes and emphasize good features. Dimensional shading now provides stylists with flexibility without restricting them to one overall shade, or even to a single shade of blonde.

Every good stylist is a bit of an artist and a bit of a chemist. The most committed stylists are "colorists," they experience the pleasure of expressing themselves artistically while thrilling their clients with beautiful color results. Even the language of color within the salon has changed, streaks and solids are passé, enter shading, color weaving, highlight, lowlight and two and three tone coloring techniques. An example of this is temporary and two tone coloring, used to stand the roots lighter than the ends. This creates the illusion of volume by "lifting" the hair with light. There's no limit to what you can achieve with hair color. Because it strengthens and adds texture and body to the hair, it has become as versatile as perms in creating yet another dimension to accentuating a client's style.

Modern hair coloring does much more than merely lighten pigment or cover gray, and skilled stylists are developing dimensional shading and high and lowlighting to a science. With this in mind, plus the importance of color to our overall image, we simply cannot afford to overlook our hair possibilities, after all, "Aren't we worth it?"

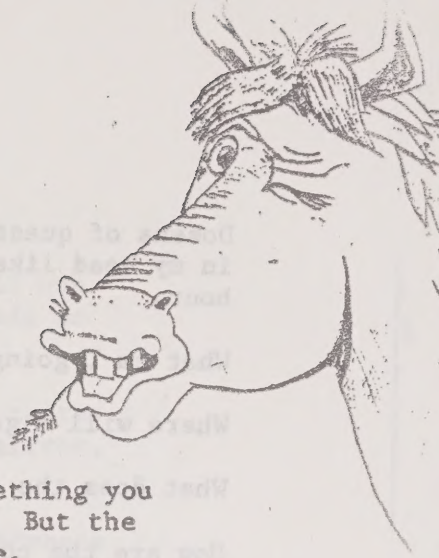
THEY ARE PLAYING A GAME. THEY ARE PLAYING AT NOT
PLAYING A GAME. IF I SHOW THEM I SEE THEY ARE, I
SHALL BREAK THE RULES AND THEY WILL PUNISH ME.
I MUST PLAY THEIR GAME, OF NOT SEEING I SEE THE GAME.

R.D. Laing



GETTING SHORT

By By "Bilbo" Texas "Echo"



I quit waiting a long time ago. But "waiting" is something you start doing again when you know you're getting short. But the hard part of waiting is not really believing it's true.

The Iowa state prison wasn't all that bad. Lots of grins and some decent enough guys. But those last few days sort of made me forget all the fun we had had inside.

Somewhere around T-minus 21 days it started getting pretty rough. At that time my ol' lady showed up, stirring up all the old thoughts that almost drove me crazy during those first few months. Women can drive you up the wall if you let them.

At about 13 days to go, the radio was my best friend, soothing my nerves and distracting me from those thoughts of the world. Mail Call! A letter from the ol' lady. Lord, it's been a long time since I saw that hand-writing on the outside of an envelope. She says she's all excited about me getting out. Makes me wonder why that woman would wait around for my ugly mug. My friends don't believe half what I say about her, but in here a good tale is just part of doing time.

Everyone keeps coming up with new short jokes. Suddenly it seems like everybody on the unit knows I'm close. "Hey man, gettin' short, huh? After hearing that 30 times a day, it can jangle your nerves. How does word get around so fast?

Freedom. Daydreams that are a constant companion during the last few days inside. Thinking about the club's Halloween party that will be held eight days before my release. Brings me down, missing that bash, knowing how much fun they'll have.

A special sort of madness seems to be knocking at my door, louder and louder, as release gets closer.

T-Minus 5 days. A day feels more like a month.

Am I going crazy?

Maybe they'll give me a huge surprise. "Say, Bilbo, we messed up. You're leaving sooner than we thought. Today!" But it's only a fantasy.

Dozens of questions with no answers. The thoughts bounce around in my head like a beer can tossed on the highway at sixty miles an hour.

What am I going to do first?

Where will I go?

What does the ol' lady look like?

How are the cops going to act?

"Stop it!" I tell myself. Just stop. Quit with the crazy thoughts. That kind of thinking is good for nothing but gray hair and ulcers. But the internal command to stop doesn't work. Can't stop THINKING; can't sleep; can't stop.

"What's happening to me?" I ask myself. Just a few weeks ago I thought I was so together inside my head.

T-minus four days. Why am I sweating? This cell is cold as hell. Must have been that dream I just had. Can't quite remember what it was. Must have been pretty bad.

Can't go back to sleep. Lighting one cigarette off the short in my hand. Got to cut down on these things or I won't live long enough to enjoy the freeworld.

I really thought the last few days would be great. Getting short, almost home.
Man, was I wrong.

My gut hurts all the time. I hate barfing, my face in the toilet. Ruins your whole day. Telling myself it was something I ate, but not really believing that. My guts are churning all the time now.

T-minus two days. Slow. Slow. My eyes look terrible; dark sagging pouches from lack of sleep. If the world hasn't come to a complete halt, you could have fooled me. Time just won't pass.

People keep reminding me how long I have left. "Hey, man, only 48 hours in this dump."

Sometimes I want to scream at them. "Shut up! Leave me be." A wonder I haven't busted somebody in the mouth. Probably would make me feel better to break somebody's face.

T-minus 24 hours. Final countdown.

Can't believe that I'm into the fourth pack of cigarettes in one day. Tossed an empty pack at the trash can and missed. Made me made as hell! Why am I so angry at everyone; everything?

Quit eating a couple days ago. Everything looks awful and tastes worse. All my muscles are sore. Nerves. Looking at the mirror, my anger rebounds. "You look like some kind of rum."

Can't tell anyone the real truth, I'm just plain scared. Nowhere to go out there. Will there be anybody for me? But I can't let any fear show when I'm around the guys these last few hours. They look up to me.

Why do I feel like such a weakling?

T-minus one hour. My jaw is actually stiff from hours of grinding anticipation. Every few minutes goose bumps pop up over a fair-sized portion of my body.

A skinny, pizza-faced guard opens my cell. "Your discharge is less than an hour from now."

Surprise, surprise," I mumble.

Discharges are at midnight. A door opens, you step into a cage. The door behind closes and another in front opens. You get in line to sign the papers. The guard has something clever to say, but I don't hear him.

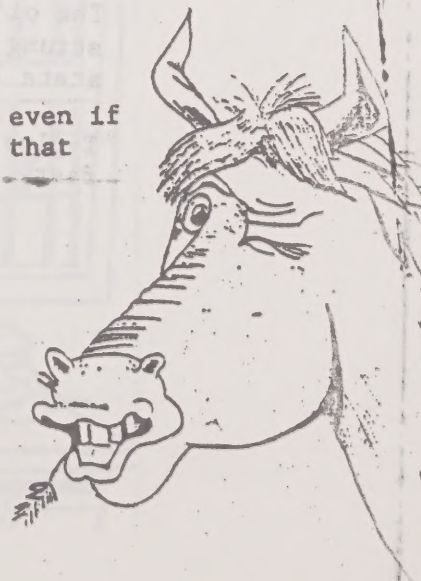
The darkness outside waits for me. Shuffling down a long hallway toward uncertainty. Who's out there? What will happen in the next few minutes? The tension is a huge knot in my belly.

Midnight finally drags it, s way toward me, each second a labor.

In the outer offices the first thing I notice are shiny, bright floor. Nothing like the grime inside.

The first few seconds of a new day. Out the door I walk.

Instantly there is a smile on my face that I couldn't hide even if I wanted. "Wow! My bike! With a new paint job. Look at that shine!"



The prez is standing there with my colors in his left hand, a Bud in his right.

It's all a little too much. For a few seconds I'm paralyzed, unable to react.

And then everything breaks free. The tension in me snaps away into nothingness. Gigantic smiles, mine and his. My ol' lady is there too, surprising me a little. She looks absolutely fantastic, long blond hair rippling on the night breeze, and a smile that breaks my heart.

I pull on the colors, kissing her and grabbing hold of that lovely body she walks around in. Two brothers sneak up behind me and dump cans of beer over my head. Freezing cold liquid that foams over my head. Everyone is smiling those huge smiles and saying things that don't make any sense.

I'm too choked up for words.

Finally I let it all out with a huge yell that shakes the night birds from the trees. My ol' lady leans against me. Another beer is popped open for me to suck down on top of the first. Somebody lights up a Lefthand Lucky and I suck the harsh smoke into my lungs.

I close my eyes. Tight. Then open them again to see if everything is real. For the first time, I'm sure it's not all a dream.

Sliding a leg over the seat of my 80-incher, I kick it to life with a roar. The brothers all shout out a cheer and bring their bikes to life with a rumbling roar that drowns out everything in the area.

"The greatest sound on the face of the earth," I say aloud to myself.

And then we're all moving. It's cold as hell, but I don't care. The ol' lady is snuggled up behind me. All the brothers are strung out behind us as we make our way 25 miles to the Illinois state line where we'll find a bar open until five a.m.

T-plus two hours. Man, am I drunk! Something is coming at me fast. In the final split second I see what it is. The floor.

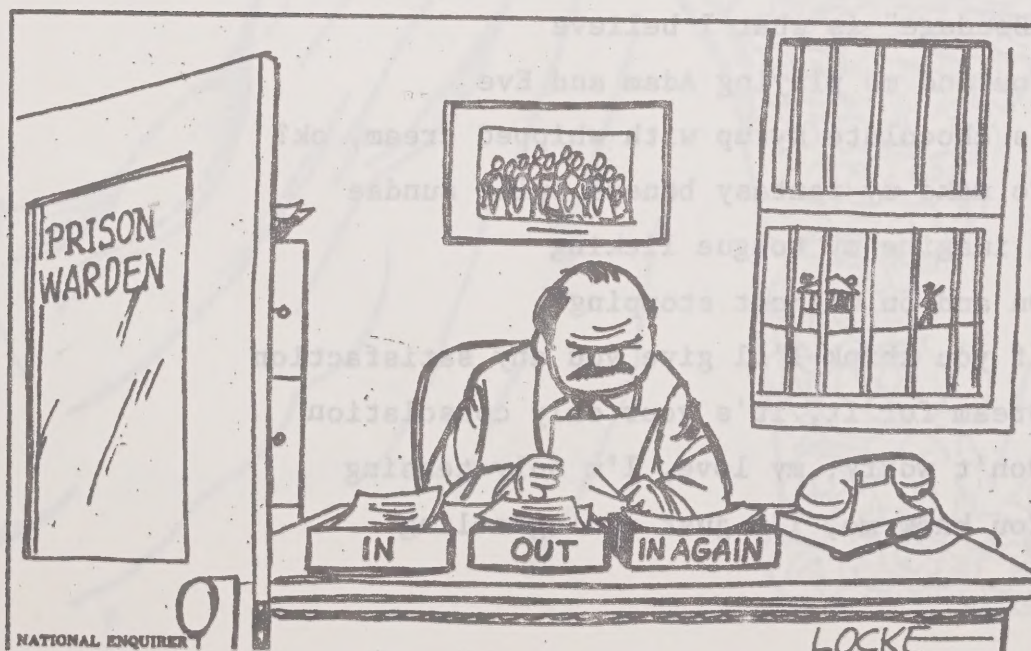
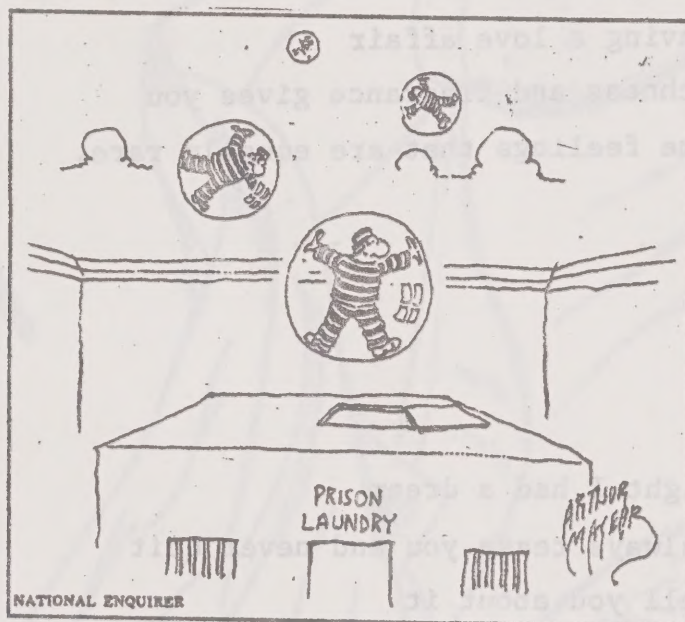
Sometime later I wake up, my head ready to explode, the inside of my mouth tasting like dead skunk meat. But even through the hangover that's beginning I see the one important thing.

A window. A window without bars.

And my ol' lady is right there beside me.

Man' it's great to be free.

Editor's note: "Bilbo" recently returned to prison, this time for a stay in the Texas Department of Corrections.



CHOCOLATE OR LOVE

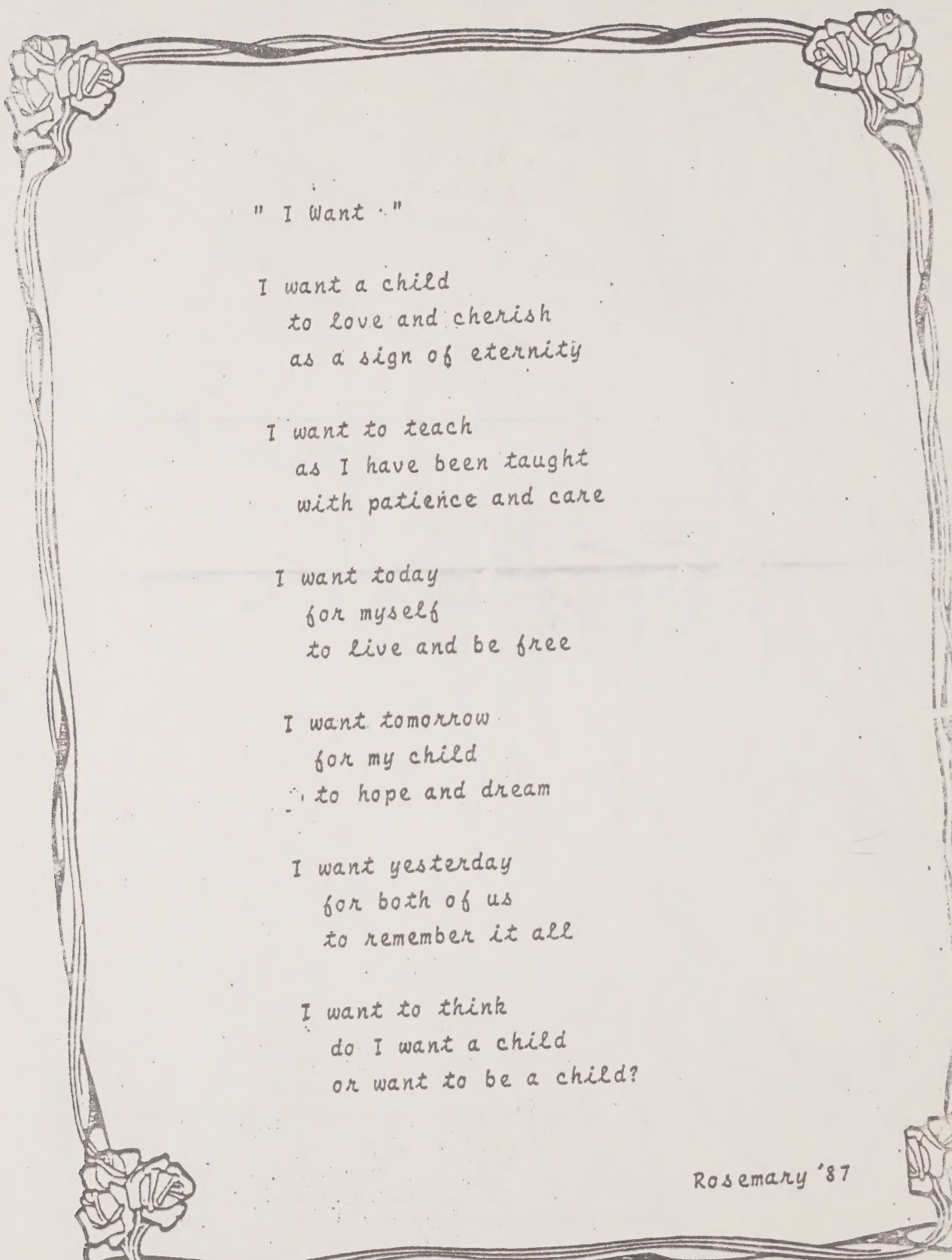
When you find yourself in love
It only needed someone willing to share
Finding sensational tingles here and there
Let me tell you that....
Eating a piece of chocolate is also...
Like having a love affair
Its richness and fragrance gives you
The same feelings that are equally rare.

Julia Tae

Last night I had a dream
For I always tease you and never quit
If I tell you about it
Into your ear I would scream
"Bondage" is what I believe
You and me playing Adam and Eve
Is chocolate syrup with whipped cream, ok?
To make my fantasy banana split sundae
I imagine my tongue licking
On and on without stopping
If you think I'll give you any satisfaction
Dream for it, it's your only consolation
Don't worry, my love, I'm only teasing
You know me, I'm just a ding-a-ling.



L. Pohn



" I Want . "

I want a child
to love and cherish
as a sign of eternity

I want to teach
as I have been taught
with patience and care

I want today
for myself
to live and be free

I want tomorrow
for my child
to hope and dream

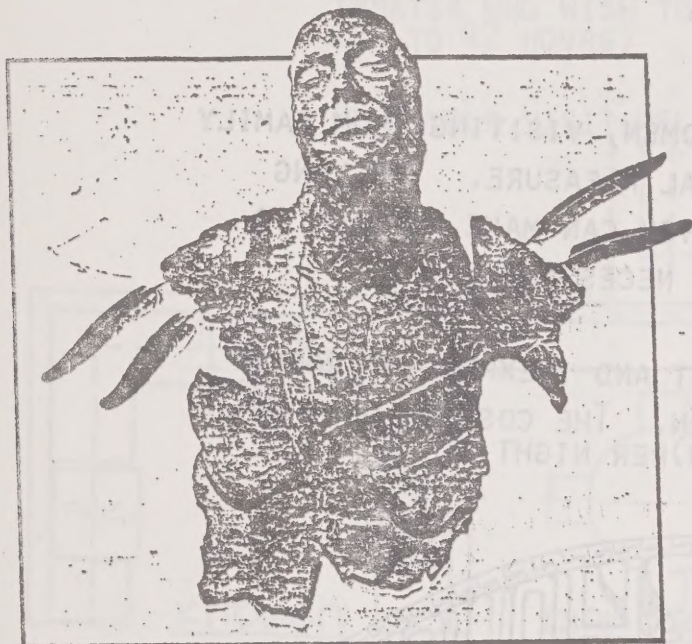
I want yesterday
for both of us
to remember it all

I want to think
do I want a child
or want to be a child?

Rosemary '87

BOOKS TO ✓ OUT

still sane



Persimmon Blackbridge and Sheila Gilhooly

Photography by Kiku Hawkes

Always lined up waiting for something. Waiting for meds. Waiting for tobacco rations.

Waiting for meals, the high point of our day. Canned peas and massive doses of instant mashed potatoes in the cafeteria line-up.

Lining up and waiting. Waiting to be searched when the silverware count comes up short. Sorry girls, we miscounted. The male attendants frisked us first and then recounted.

Waiting to go to O.T. A different set of walls to look at, to line up, waiting to come back from O.T. Waiting.

FROM VANCOUVER- THE TOTALLY AMAZING STORY OF ONE WOMAN'S STRUGGLE.

HER DEFIANCE AND SURVIVAL BRING ECHOS OF "ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST"

COPY NOW IN OUR LIBRARY

ALSO

THE FAT WOMAN MEASURES UP
C.M. DONALD

The issue explored in these pages is a delicate one among feminists. The fat feminist may feel inadequate, guilty and defensive. The thin feminist may find herself torn between the ideal of accepting all of her sisters for who they are, and the reality that she probably doesn't like fat in herself, much less in anyone else.

Donald has found the surest remedy to this dilemma—open and uncompromising expression of feelings. Apparently, perceptive fat women already know the uncomplimentary thoughts of thin women, and perceptive thin women may well have divined some of the true thoughts of their fat sisters. So why not talk about it to each other?

OTHER READING IDEAS:

OTHER SIDE OF THE MIRROR OR
STAR OF DANGER
(MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY)

PLACES TO STAY IN KINGSTON

FOR WOMEN AT THE PRISON 4 WOMEN, VISITING FROM FAMILY AND FRIENDS IS A VERY SPECIAL PLEASURE. THE LONG DISTANCE THAT MANY MUST TRAVEL CAN MAKE A PLACE TO STAY WHILE IN KINGSTON VERY NECESSARY.

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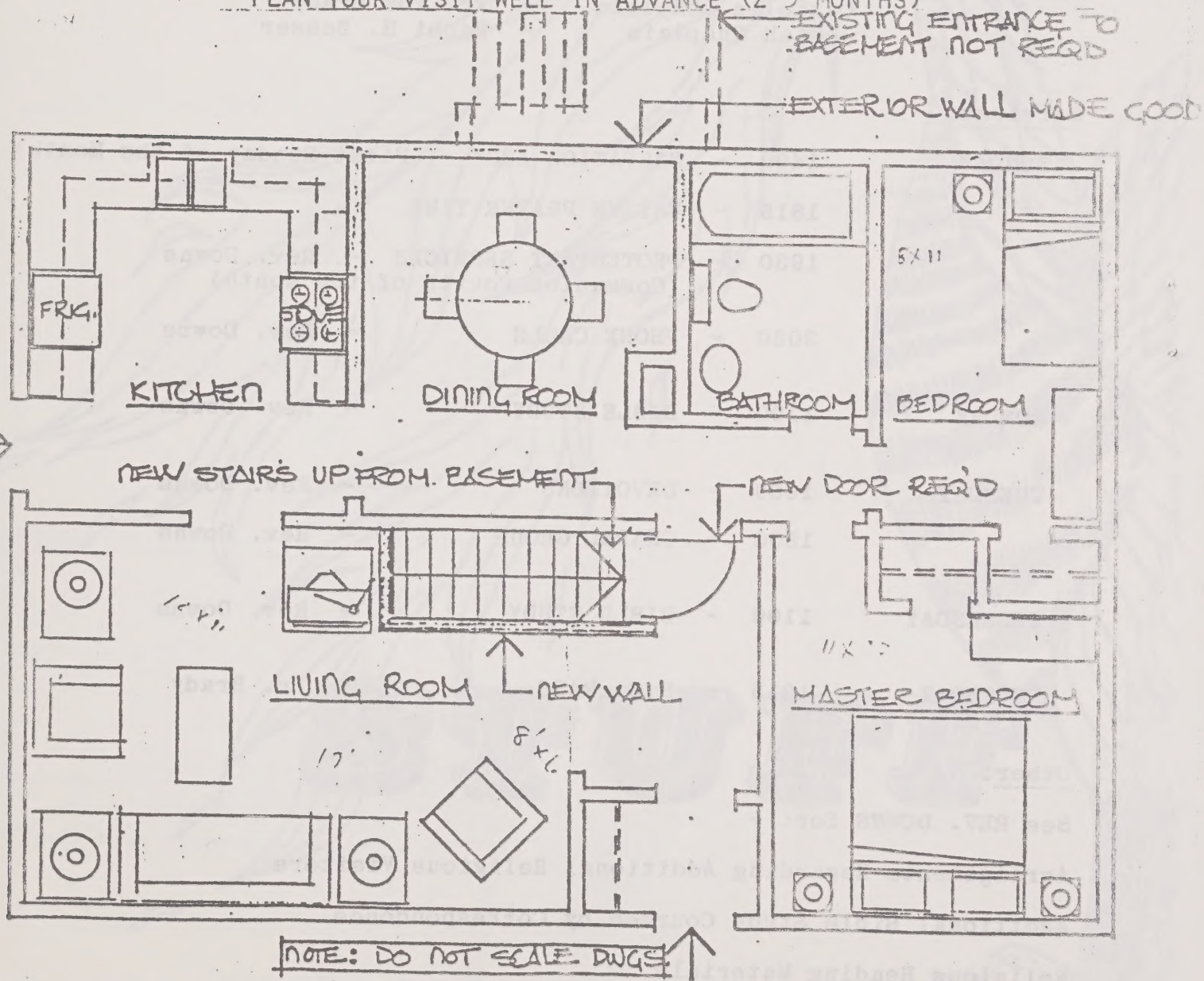
BUT NO MATTER WHERE YOU COME FROM.. NO MATTER WHERE YOU STAY
DO VISIT
YOU ARE ALL IMPORTANT PEOPLE TO US. WE NEED YOUR COMPANY.

FAMILY VISITING UNIT

THE FAMILY VISITING UNIT IS AVAILABLE TO PRISONERS AND THEIR IMMEDIATE FAMILIES FOR OVERNIGHT VISITS OF UP TO 72 HOURS.

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ENJOY YOUR STAY

SUMMER CHAPLAINCY SCHEDULE

PRISON FOR WOMEN

Staff:

Protestant Chaplain	-	Rev. John G. Downs
Catholic Chaplain	-	Fr. Tom Brady
Jewish Chaplain	-	Rabbi H. Bassier

Services:

SUNDAY	1400	-	SALVATION ARMY - (First Sunday of the Month)	
	1815	-	NATIVE PRAYER TIME	
	1930	-	PROTESTANT SERVICES - Rev. Downs (Communion Fourth of the Month)	
	2030	-	PHONE CALLS	- Rev. Downs
MONDAY	1100	-	BIBLE STUDY	- Rev. Downs
TUESDAY	1600	-	DEVOTIONS	- Rev. Downs
	1800	-	CHAPEL GROUP	- Rev. Downs
WEDNESDAY	1100	-	BIBLE STUDY	- Rev. Downs
THURSDAY	1215	-	R.C. MASS	- Fr. Brady

Other:

See REV. DOWNS for: -

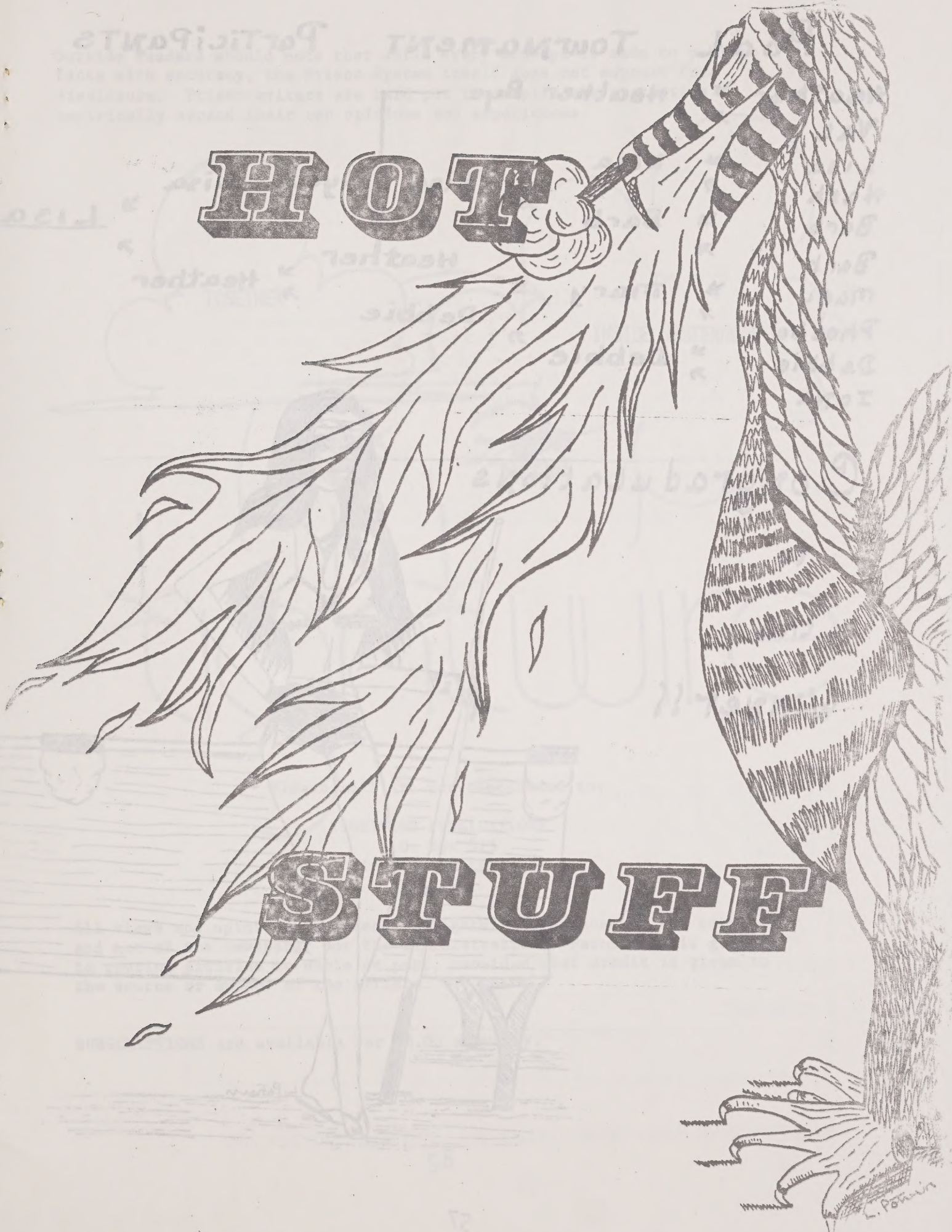
Arrangements Regarding Additional Religious Visitors

Additional Bible Study Courses by Correspondence

Religious Reading Materials

HOT

STUFF



Pool Tournament Participants

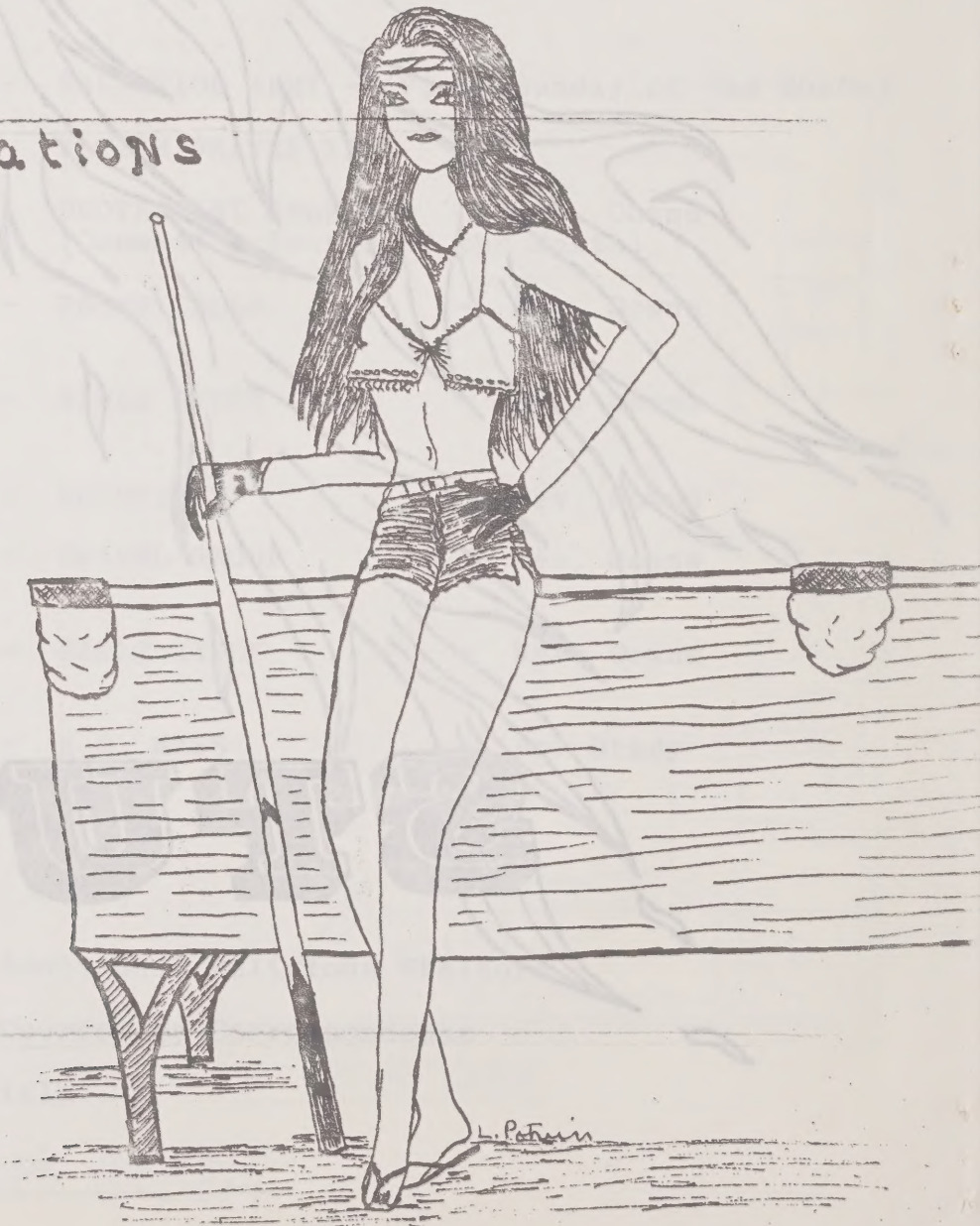
Heather	➤	Heather	Bye			
Val	➤					
Lisa	➤	Lisa	➤	Lisa	Bye	Lisa
HASH	➤					
Barb	➤	Barb	➤			
Barb	➤					
Mary	➤	Mary	➤	Heather	➤	Heather
Phoebe	➤			Debbie	➤	
Debbie	➤	Debbie	➤			
TONA	➤					

Congratulations

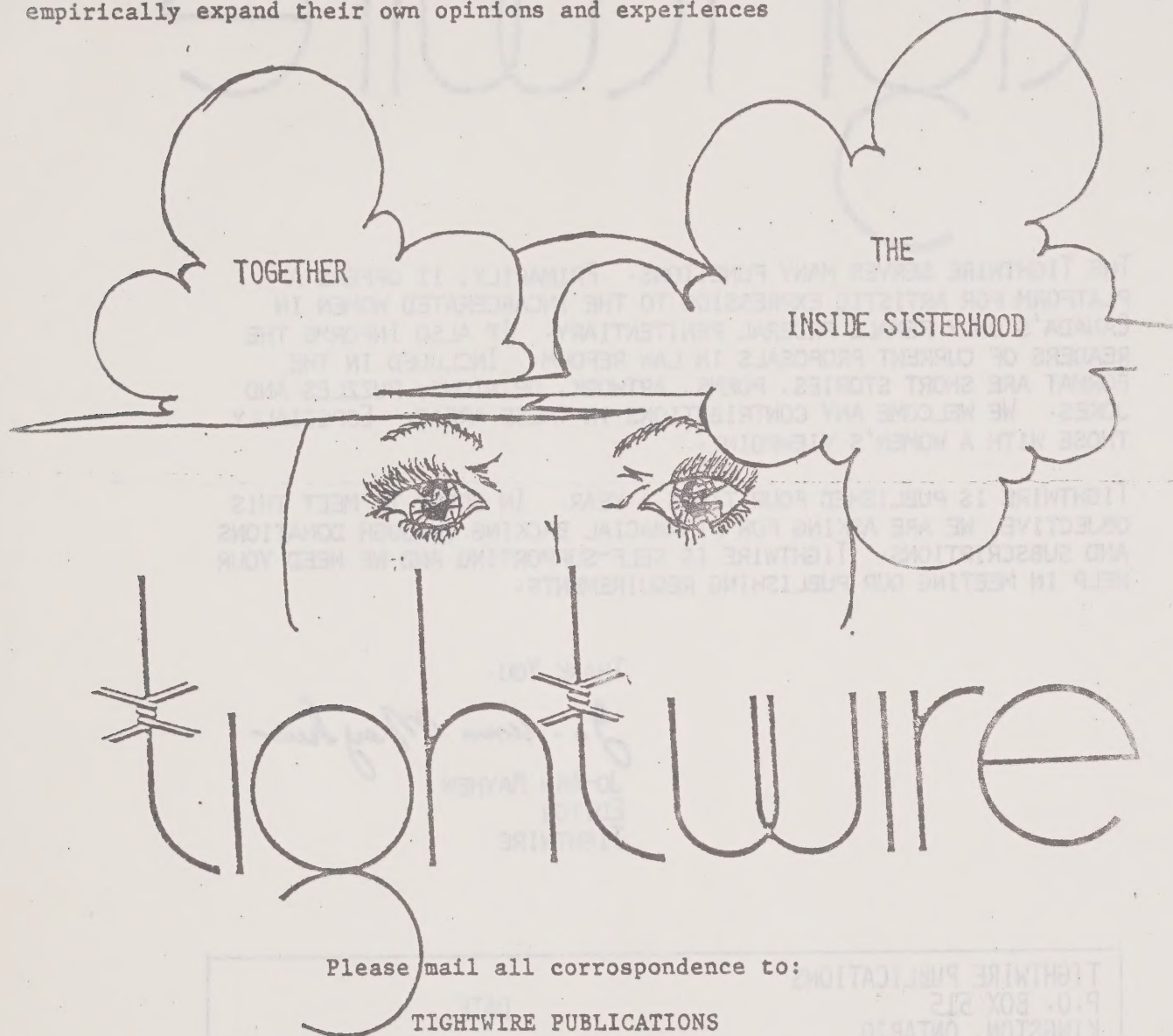
to

the

WINNER!!



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